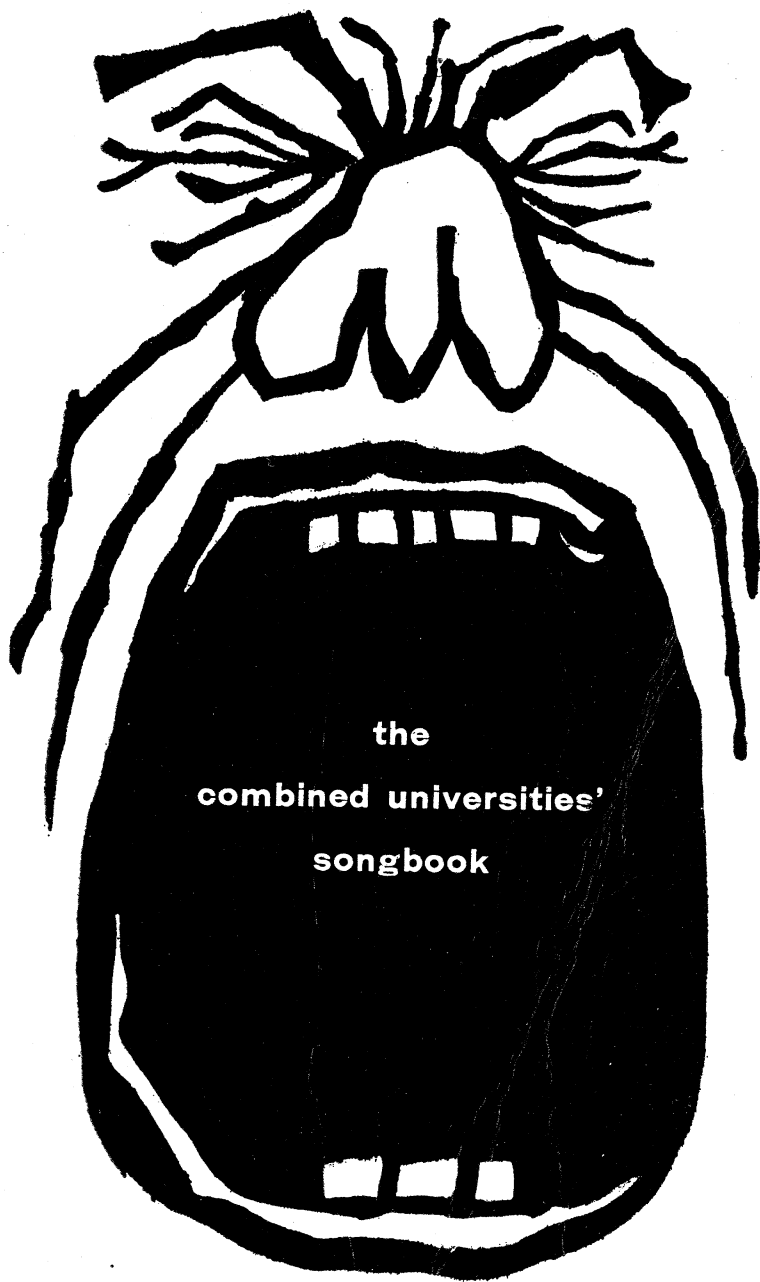


the combined universities' songbook



“Let us be happy while we are young, for after carefree youth and careworn age, the earth will hold us also.”

—Translation of the first verse of “Gaudeamus Igitur”, a Student Song traced to 1267.

the combined universities' songbook

published on behalf of

the university of sydney students' representative council.

the australian national university students' representative council.

the university of new england students' representative council.

the university of newcastle students' union.

the university of new south wales students' union.

the wollongong university college students' union.

the broken hill university college students' union.

artwork by douglas anderson



first edition, september, 1965

Published by Mr. H. J. R. Dutton of the University of N.S.W. Students' Union on behalf of the N.S.W. Regional Conference of Students' Unions comprising:—

The University of Sydney Students' Representative Council.
The Australian National University Students' Representative Council.
The University of New England Students' Representative Council.
The University of Newcastle Students' Union.
The University of New South Wales Students' Union.
The Wollongong University College Students' Union.
The Broken Hill University College Students' Union.

foreword

The object of this book is to provide students with something that can be used practically at parties, "turns", orgies or wherever else students like to sing. Those who are looking for a new collection of folksongs will not find it here. We believe that songs are to be sung not studied and have compiled this book accordingly. Inevitably much good material had been left out — we have followed a policy of including material that is not readily available elsewhere in preference to material that, while of merit can be found in other publications. It has been possible to print only a little music throughout the book. There are several reasons for this but in the main it has been due to our failure to find any universally acceptable tune for a given set of lyrics or even any at all. Limitations of space have dictated that where a tune is fairly well known it will be left out in preference to more useful material. Another, not often recognised limitation is that songs like these are often written to popular tunes which, of course are copyright.

We don't believe that the only folksongs worthy of the name are all "blood and guts" and "working class" — indeed we must admit to rather cynical amusement on seeing the well-fed sons and daughters of our welfare state work themselves into various emotional states over the plight of Negro Slaves or the labouring classes in the last century.

We also express slight amusement at the huge number of songbooks in the shops the front pages of which proudly proclaim to be "folk" (invariably with the name of one or more "artists") and yet in small type we find "copyright". As we understand it copyright can only apply to new work.

It is planned that this book will be a continuing thing and therefore comment, suggestions and material would be much appreciated so that when there is next a revision we may be able to improve the contents. In particular new work accompanied by music is sought. Mail should be addressed care of the "Enterprise Publishing Company", P.O. Box 168, Marrickville, N.S.W.

Harry J. R. Dutton,
Editor.

Tony Godfrey-Smith,
Assistant.

OXFORD UNION SOCIETY

Telephone 41353.

14 January 1965

Mr.H.Dutton.
The University of N.S.W. Students' Union,
Kensington,
N.S.W.-Australia.

Dear Sir,

I am sorry that I have not answered your letter before; my predecessor in this office does not seem to have even opened the letter. A new broom sweeps clean, so here we are.

In Oxford we have no song-book, although the Calvinistic tradition of this University leads to a certain amount of singing. I enclose a number of famous songs of this venerable and decayed institution.

1) "Lloyd George knew my father" - a political song of historical importance. Tune - "Onward Christian Soldiers".

1st verse = "Lloyd George knew my father,
Father knew LL. George,
Lloyd George knew my father,
Father knew LL. George.

2nd verse = "Lloyd George knew my father,
Father knew Lloyd George,
Lloyd George knew my father,
Father knew Lloyd George. etc., etc..

2) "All Proctors are bastards" - a song of student protest against University reaction. Tune - "Clarendon Buildings."

"I'll sing you a song and it's not very long,
All Proctors are bastards...
continue as for All coppers
are bastards.

3) We also have plenty of satirical songs. There is one very good one about the Queen, which I reproduce below.
"God save our Gracious Queen,
Long live our noble Queen,
God save the Queen.
Send her victorious,

OXFORD UNION SOCIETY

Telephone 41353.

Happy and glorious,
Long to reign over us,
God save the Queen.

I sincerely hope that these songs will be of some use to
you in compiling your song-book.

Yours truly,

Joshua Bamfield

Joshua Bamfield
Secretary.

to jill

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wouldn't it!

All we want is a chair somewhere,
Sydney or Melbourne—we don't care—
Or Timbuctoo, if they'll pay the fare:

Oh, wouldn't it be lovely.

Lots of students for us to teach,
A V.C.'s job within easy reach,
And one enormous chair a-piece:

Oh, wouldn't it be lovely.

Oh, so lovely sitting abso-bloomin'-lutely pat,
We'd be emeriti, before they'd wriggle us out of that!

A chair for you, and a chair for me;
Think how respectable we would be—
We'd even give talks on the A.B.C.

Oh, wouldn't it be lovely,
Lovely, lovely, lovely, lovely.

But it's no damn' good dreaming dreams like these;
It's no good having three referees:
Somehow or other we can't please—

They don't think we're lovely.

They don't want you, and they don't want me,
But the reason's not very hard to see:
They want mediocrity—

Yes, they think it's lovely.

Oh, so lovely when professors never make a noise;
Universities don't like the wild colonial boys.

So Canberra is the place for us—
Nobody there ever makes a fuss:
If you ride the right or the left-wing bus¹

They still think you're lovely,
Lovely, lovely, lovely, lovely.

¹ This anthem is, of course, pre-Gluckman and pre-Crimes Act.

Gaudeamus igitur,
Iuvenes dum sumus;
Post iucundum iuventutem,
Post molestam senectutem,
Nos habebit humus.

Ubi sunt qui ante nos
In mundo fuere?
Vadite ad superos,
Transite ad inferos
Ubi iam fuere.

Vita nostra brevis est,
Brevi finietur;
Venit mors velociter,
Rapit nos atrociter,
Nomini parcetur.

Vivat Academia,
Vivant professores;
Vivant membrum quodlibet,
Vivant membra quaelibet,
Semper sint in flore.

Vivant omnes virgines,
Faciles, formosae!
Vivant et mulieres,
Dulces et amabiles
Bonae, laboriosae.

Vivat et respublica
Et qui illam regit!
Vivat nostra civitas,
Maecenatum caritas
Quae nos hic protegit!

thanks for the mammary

(Tune: "*Thanks for the Memory*")

Thanks for the Mammary
Of all we've done this year.
We've weathered all the storms of life
And save ourselves a lot of strife
With bellies full of beer.
Yes, thank you so much.

Thanks for the Mammary
Of all we've had to know,
And how we trained the nurses
Inside the mortuary hearses,
Into giving it a go.
Yes, thank you so much.

The honoraries taught us quite well, sir,
Tho' some may have thought us uncouth,
Still we've found a lot we could sell, sir,
For a big fat fee to the Melbourne Truth.

Yes, thanks for the mammary
Of eve to morning crams,
When you swotted your anatomy,
My boy, now don't you flatter me,
The night before exams.
Yes, thank you so much.

Thanks for the Mammary
Of Pansy and of Lance,
Of Sidddy and the other lads,
A pack of simple-minded cads
Who've led us such a dance.
Yes, thank you so much.

We should have known at the start, sir,
For what we let ourselves in,
But now that it's time we should part, sir,
We're bloody glad we did medicine.

So thanks for the Mammary
Of good old pre-Med. days,
No money were we earning,
The fun we had when learning
All about the 40 ways.
We learnt some more
Until we saw
It's just a passing phase.
And thank you so much.

— From Medical Medleys.

the wild colonial don

(A broadside ballad of the early days in Van Diemen's Land.
To be sung to the tune of 'The Airy Bachelor'.)

Come all you men of learning and a warning take from me,
I would have you quit night-lecturing and shun philosophy,
And whenever those sweet little student girls come knocking at
your door

Ere it's too late think on the fate of bold young Sydney Orr.

He was born and bred in Belfast town, and there took his degree,
But soon he left old Ireland to sail the stormy sea;
Transported to Van Diemen's Land, like many good men before,
He made his name and soon became Professor Sydney Orr.

In Hobart town this daring youth commenced his wild career,
In the cause of justice, light and truth, no foeman did he fear,
He bailed up Sir John Morris, and he made the Council roar;
'For liberty I'll live and die' cried bold young Sydney Orr.

Bold Sydney won his battle: the council turned and fled.
But the hard-won spoils of battle are often lost in bed.
Like brave Parnell, and Samson whose locks Delilah shore,
A woman was the downfall of bold young Sydney Orr.

There's a moral to this story of this wild colonial don:
Don't irritate the bourgeoisie or you'll be sat upon;
Keep your opinions to yourself, stay well within the law,
And never trust a woman, boys: think of Syd Fitzwindsor Orr.

three scientists

The three of us are physicists,
But we none of us are romanticists,
Science is to us just another trade
And we never work without Government aid.

**De-boom-boom,
De-boom-boom,
De boom boom boom.**

We've found the answer to Communism
In scientific pragmatism,
This is the basis of our secular thought,
It doesn't exist if it can't be bought.

**De-boom-boom,
De-boom-boom,
De boom boom boom.**

the back=blocks academic

I'm a back-blocks academic, which may give rise to mirth,
But selection committees know me well from Brisbane through
to Perth.

I've often been short-listed for many a famous chair
But somehow or other, I don't know why, I've never quite got
there.

**Hoorah, my application's in
I've got three referees;
The field is strictly limited,
There's no-one from overseas;
I'm wearing my suit to seminars,
I've burnt my party card;
And if I'm overlooked again,
Then times is bloody hard.**

I don't write letters to the press, but articles instead;
I've tried out every possible lurk for a man to get ahead,
The songs I sing at parties are less bawdy than before;
I've even drunk the V.C.'s scotch—a man cannot do more.

**Hoorah, my application's in
I've got three referees;
The field is strictly limited,
There's no-one from overseas;
I'm wearing my suit to seminars,
I've burnt my party card;
And if I'm overlooked again,
Then times is bloody hard.**

song of the engineer

(Tune: "*No Possible Doubt Whatever*"
from *The Gondoliers*)

Let doctors hunt for the festive germ,
And lawyers talk and reason;
But iron and steel are the stuff for me,
And concrete made of one to three,
And timber cut from ironbark tree,
At the proper time and season.

**For second to none is the Engineer,
To Czar or King or Sirdar;
He makes a trestle, a dam, a pier,
A toasting fork or a cask for beer,
A roof or a plate-web girder.**

For others may talk of the modest maid,
Of the charms of Jean and Nelly;
But the cold grey engine is our delight,
With its shining crank and cylinder bright,
With its genial smile and its jovial might,
As it squashes a man to jelly.

And naught to us are letters and art,
And music and soulful blisses;
But give us plenty of sweat and toil,
When the clothes are covered with grime and soil,
And the hair is dripping with grease and oil,
And the steam valve kicks and hisses.

And here's to rivets and boilers and cams
And stresses and strains and shearing;
And here's to the Finks and the Hunters,
And the Boomsmas, Vogans and others,
To show we have the best lect'ers,
To teach us our Engineering.



processional

(Air: "*John Brown's Body*")

Who are these a-coming with a slow and measured tread
Most impressive figures dressed in green and blue and red,
They couldn't move much slower if their boots were made of lead,
As they come marching on.

Firstly come the prodigies of learning if you please,
They're on their best behaviour for they're going to get Degrees;
They're very stiff and stately and we hope they've paid their fees;
We'll be thankful when they've gone.

They really look impressive as they statuesquely glide;
It's only lamb's wool on their hoods although they're puffed with
pride,
For heaven's sake don't ask them how the deuce they qualified
Or you'll be sat upon.

Behold the wily Council who administer the Guild;
At cooking up a Balance Sheet they are extremely skilled,
They've got the money stowed away, why don't they start to build
Before we're dead and gone.

The Lecturers are noted for the Delphic way they speak,
They prove so overpowering that they leave us rather weak,
We're forced to the conclusion that their lecture notes are Greek
And they still keep droning on.

Professorial staff it seems are very, very old,
The linings of their gowns and hoods are crusted up with mould,
And just as well for otherwise they'd perish with the cold
Like the ancient mastodon.

Lastly come the Senators, a Neolithic crew,
Who pass a resolution when they've nothing else to do,
But not till they've debated it at least a year or two,
And it's time we moved them on. [Presto]

“it ain’t got a name yet”

From the halls of smoky Ultimo
To the sands of Kensington
We’ll transfer the old degree shop
When Big Brother turns it on.

**Ruination of the nation,
We’re the worst you’ll ever see,
With a slide rule and a grease pot
We disgrace technology.**

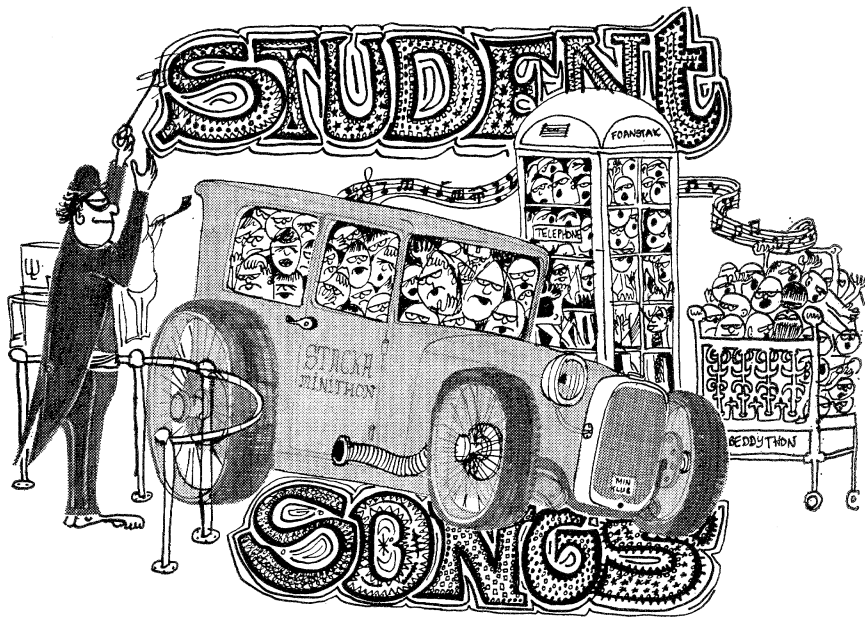
We churn out upon Australia
Graduates in every sphere,
And we promise to each citizen
We shall cost the nation dear.

Our doctors will be butchers,
Our lawyers take in dough,
And in each of these professions
We are sure they won’t be slow.

Engineers of the professions
Shudder, shake and shy when we
Announce to them in passion
We’re from Technology.

When our sputnik goes in orbit
They will know how we excel,
But instead of reaching heaven
It will go direct to hell.

Well, we’ve buried old Technology
Underneath the Town Hall rails,
And we proudly call to one and all
We are from New South Wales.



the pelvic song

(Tune: "*Doggie in the Window*")

Have you done a Pelvic in The Bathroom,
The one that the boys like to do,
Have you done a Pelvic in The Bathroom,
Has this ever happened to you?

Have you done a Pelvic in The Bathroom,
Do you use two fingers or one?
Can you tell the darling little mother
If she's to have a girl or a son?

I said to the Labour Ward Sister
That I had not yet had the fun,
She said, "If you want the experience
Then I will arrange you one."

When I did a Pelvic in The Bathroom
The lady she did not complain—
I completed the job so expertly
She said "Oh please do it again."

My friend he is hard to get on with,
We think he's a bit of a louse,
He doesn't do Pelvics in The Bathroom:
He does them in Cardigan House.

— From Medical Medleys.

my oath

(Tune: "*It's Foolish, But It's Fun*")

Commem. Week comes but once a year,
And fills the Sydney police with fear;
The students fill themselves with beer.
It's foolish, but it's fun.

To make the Freshers feel at ease
We tie their bed-clothes in the trees,
And then remove their bedroom keys.
It's foolish, but it's fun.

And then the months go quickly by
And Christmas comes again.
Exams. are done; results appear,
And we start wondering when

The Profs. will stop their wretched task
Of failing two for one they pass;
But they just smirk behind their mask.
It's foolish, but it's fun.

sunstroke!

You wake in the morning in a terrible rage,
Your mouth, it feels like an unswept cage,
You got lead in your pants, you've got fluff in your brains,
You've got sunstroke, syphilis and varicose veins.

**You got sunstroke, syphilis and varicose veins,
Sunstroke, syphilis and varicose veins,
The agony goes, but the order remains,
You got sunstroke, syphilis and varicose veins.**

Your legs, you realise are far from limber,
Your teeth, they chatter like a baby marimba,
You call in the doctor, and he explains,
You got sunstroke, syphilis and varicose veins.

**You got sunstroke, syphilis and varicose veins,
Sunstroke, syphilis and varicose veins,
You're full of genital and vascular pains,
You got sunstroke, syphilis and varicose veins.**

He calls in the specialists from all the nations,
They say you got the usual complications,
The sunstroke loses and the syphilis gains
And for the rest of your life you got varicose veins.

**Sunstroke, syphilis and varicose veins,
Sunstroke, syphilis and varicose veins,
You feel like your water's cut off at the mains,
You got sunstroke, syphilis and varicose veins.**

there's places to go

(Tune: "When Johnny Comes Marching Home")

There's places to go for those who know
In Germany
Fun in the sun for all who go
To Italy
They enjoy themselves in France and Spain
Portugal, Alsace, Lorraine
Switzerland, Ireland even in Hungary.

There's wines to buy and liquor to try
You won't know where to begin
Rum for a punch, chablis for lunch
And gin for original sin
Wine they make from a maiden's tear
Ports they store for 40 years,
Buy them, try them, never go back to beer.

There's girls to keep for an hour or two
There's girls to keep for a year
Girls who'll have nothing to do with you
And girls who call you dear
Girls who are poor
Girls who want more
Girls who are rich who are always a boor
But you'll find, I've found plenty to go round.

It's like a supermarket store where $\frac{1}{2}$ the things are free
And the others are greatly reduced in price by courtesy of me
Bargains galore from pole to pole
Nothing to lose except your soul
Doctor, doctor, open your eyes and see.

ta-ra-ra boom-dee-eh

A sweet Tuxedo girl you see,
Queen of swell society,
Fond of fun as fond can be,
When it's on the strict Q.T.
I'm not too young, I'm not too old
Not too timid, not too bold,
Just the kind you like to hold,
Just the kind for sport, I'm told.

**Ta-ra-ra Boom-dee-eh,
Ta-ra-ra Boom-dee-eh.**

(Sing three more times).

I'm a blushing bud of innocence,
Papa says at big expense,
Old maids say I have no sense,
Boys declare I'm just immense.
Before my song I do conclude,
I want it strictly understood,
Tho' fond of fun, I'm never rude,
Tho' not too bad I'm not too good.

the ballad of joking jesus

(Authors: Oliver St. John Gogarty, Prof. John Anderson, James Joyce, Chester, David Ferraro and Mungo MacCallum.)
(Tune: "*Villikins and his Dinah*")

I'm the queerest young fellow that ever you heard
My mother's a Jew and my father's a bird;
With Joseph the Joiner I cannot agree
So here's to disciples and Calvary.

Tra la la . . . Tra la li . . .

Oh how would you, how would you like to be me.

If anyone thinks that I am not divine
He'll get no free drinks when I'm making the wine
He'll have to drink water and wish it were plain
That I make when the wine becomes water again.

My medical treatments caused quite a surprise:
To make the blind see I throw dust in their eyes
To make the lame walk I say, "Take up thy bed"
And there's no-one to beat me at raising the dead.

At choosing my friends all the priests think me lax
I know carpenters, fishers, collectors of tax,
I know prostitutes, cripples and criminals too
But thank Christ I can still draw the line at a Jew.

Good-bye now, good-bye; write down all I said
Tell Tom, Dick and Harry I rose from the dead;
What's bred in the bone cannot fail to fly
And Olivet's breezy . . . good-bye now, good-bye.

But now that I'm dead I am something to see:
Whene'er I go fishing I walk on the sea,
But when Peter tried it he got quite a shock
The bastard denied me and sank like a rock.

blow the candle out

It was late last Saturday evening
I went to see my dear,
The candles were all burning
And the moon shone bright and clear.
I rapped on her window
To ease her of her pain,
She rose and let me in
And then barred the door again.

I like well your behaviour
And this I often say—
I cannot rest contented
While you are far away;
But the roads they are so muddy
I cannot roam about,
So roll me in your arms, love,
And blow the candle out.

Your father and your mother
In yonder room do lie,
A-huggin' one another
So why not you and I?
A-huggin' one another,
Without a fear or doubt
So roll me in your arms, love,
And blow the candle out.

And if we prove successful, love,
Please name it after me,
Hug it neat and kiss it sweet
And dap it on your knee.
When my three years are ended
And my time it is run out,
Then I will prove my indebtedness
By blowing the candle out.

the housekeeper's daughter

Who takes care of the caretaker's daughter,
While the caretaker's busy taking care?
Gee, Oh gosh, Oh gee,
That's what worries me.
I know that the caretaker must take care,
But while he's taking care she's alone somewhere.
So who takes care of the caretaker's daughter,
While the caretaker's busy taking care?

Who keeps house for the housekeeper's daughter,
While the housekeeper's busy keeping house?
Gee, Oh gosh, Oh gee,
That's what worries me.
I know that the housekeeper must keep house,
And when rats have a child they call it a mouse.
So who keeps house for the housekeeper's daughter,
While the housekeeper's busy keeping house?

rickety tickety tîn

About a maid I'll sing a song,
Sing Rickety Tickety Tin,
About a maid I'll sing a song;
She didn't have her family long,
Not only did she do them wrong:
She did every one of them in,
Them in,
She did every one of them in.

One morning, in a fit of pique,
Sing Rickety Tickety Tin,
One morning, in a fit of pique,
She pushed her father into the creek,
The water tasted bad for a week,
And they had to make-do with gin,
With gin,
The had to make-do with gin.

Her mother, too, she never could stand,
Sing Rickety Tickety Tin,
Her mother, too, she never could stand,
And so a cyanide soup she planned;
Her mother died with the spoon in her hand,
And her face in a hideous grin,
A grin,
Her face in a hideous grin.

She set her sister's hair on fire,
Sing Rickety Tickety Tin,
She set her sister's hair on fire,
And as the flames grew higher and higher,
She danced around the funeral pyre,
Playing a violin,
O-lin,
Playing a violin.

She weighted her brother down with stones,
Sing Rickety Tickety Tin,
She weighted her brother down with stones,
And sent him down to Davey Jones,
And all they ever found was bones,
And occasional pieces of skin,
Of skin,
And occasional pieces of skin.

One day, when she had nothing to do,
Sing Rickety Tickety Tin,
One day, when she had nothing to do,
She chopped her baby brother in two
And served him up as Irish stew
And invited the neighbours in,
'Bours in,
And invited the neighbours in.

And when, at last, the cops came by,
Sing Rickety Tickety Tin,
And when, at last, the cops came by,
Her little prank she did not deny,
For to do so she would have had to lie,
And lying, she knew, was a sin,
A sin,
And lying, she knew, was a sin.

the keeper of the eddystone light

Oh, my father was the keeper of the Eddystone Light,
He slept with a mermaid one fine night.
From this union there came three:
A porpoise, a porgy, and the other was me.

**Yo ho ho, the wind blows free,
Oh, for a life on the rolling sea!**

One night as I was a-trimmin' of the glim,
A-singin' a verse of the evenin' hymn,
A voice from the starboard shouted ahoy,
And there was me mother a-sitting' on a buoy.

Oh, what has become of my children three,
My mother then she asked of me.
One was exhibited as a talking fish,
The other was served in a chafing dish.

The phosphorus flashed in her seaweed hair,
I looked again and my mother wasn't there.
A voice came echoin' out of the night,
"To hell with the keeper of the Eddystone Light!"

abdullah bulbul amir



The sons of the prophet are brave men and bold,
And quite unaccustomed to fear,
But the bravest of all was a man, I am told,
Named Abdullah Bulbul Amir.

When they need a man to encourage the van,
Or to harass a foe from the rear,
Storm fort or redoubt, they had only to shout
For Abdullah Bulbul Amir.

This son of the desert in battle aroused,
Could split twenty men on his spear.
A terrible creature when sober or soused,
Was Abdullah Bulbul Amir.

Now the heroes were plenty and well known to fame
Who fought in the ranks of the Czar;
But the bravest of these was a man by the name
Of Ivan Skavinsky Skivar.

He could imitate Irving, play poker and pool,
And strum on the Spanish guitar;
In fact, quite the cream of the Muscovite team
Was Ivan Skavinsky Skivar.

The ladies all loved him, his rivals were few;
He could drink them all under the bar.
As gallant or tank, there was no one to rank
With Ivan Skavinsky Skivar.

One day this bold Russian had shouldered his gun,
And donned his most truculent sneer;
Downtown he did go, where he trod on the toe
Of Abdullah Bulbul Amir.

"Young man," quoth Bulbul, "has your life grown so dull
That you're anxious to end your career?
Vile infidel, know you have trod on the toe
Of Abdullah Bulbul Amir."

"So take your last look at the sunshine and brook,
And send your regrets to the Czar,
For by this I imply, you are going to die,
Mr. Ivan Skavinsky Skivar."

Said Ivan, "My friend, your remarks in the end
Will avail you but little, I fear;
For you ne'er will survive to repeat them alive,
Mr. Abdullah Bulbul Amir."

Then that bold Mameluke drew his trusty skibouk,
With a great cry of "Allah Akbar."
And with murderous intent, he ferociously went
For Ivan Skavinsky Skivar.

They parried and thrust, they sidestepped and cussed,
Of blood they spilled a great part;
The philologist blokes, who seldom crack jokes,
Say that hash was first made on that spot.

They fought all that night, 'neath the pale yellow moon
The din, it was heard from afar,
And huge multitudes came, so great was the fame
Of Abdul and Ivan Skivar.

As Abdul's long knife was extracting the life,
In fact, he had shouted "Huzzah"
He felt himself struck by that wily Calmuck
Count Ivan Skavinsky Skivar.

The Sultan drove by in his red-breasted fly,
Expecting the victor to cheer,
But he only drew nigh just to hear the last sigh
Of Abdullah Bulbul Amir.

Czar Petrovich, too, in his spectacles blue,
Rode up in his new-crested car;
He arrived just in time to exchange a last line
With Ivan Skavinsky Skivar.

There's a tomb rises up where the Blue Danube rolls,
And 'graved there in characters clear
Are, "Stranger, when passing, oh pray for the soul
Of Abdullah Bulbul Amir."

A splash in the Black Sea one dark moonless night
Caused ripples to spread wide and far.
It was made by a sack fitting close to the back
Of Ivan Skavinsky Skivar.

A Muscovite maiden her lone vigil keeps
'Neath the light of the pale polar star,
And the name that she murmurs so oft' as she weeps,
Is Ivan Skavinsky Skivar.

the girl on bondi beach

(Tune: *"Show Me the Way to Go Home"*)

Show me the way to go home,
Said the girl on Bondi beach,
I had a swimsuit about an hour ago,
But its floated out of reach.
And all I have on now,
Is seaweed, sand and foam,
So give me a page of the Sunday Sun
And show me the way to go home.

hullabaloo balay

(An old English sea-shanty)

Me father kept a boarding house,

Hullabaloo balay!

Hullabaloo balah balay!

Me father kept a boarding house,

Hullabaloo balay!

The boarding house was on the quay,
But the lodgers were nearly all at sea.

A flash young fellow called Shallow Brown,
He ogled my mother all round the town.

My father said "Young man me b'y"
To which he quickly made reply.

Next day while dad was in the "Crown",
Me mother ran off with Shallow Brown.

Me father slowly pined away,
'Cos mother came back the following day.

upidee



The shades of night were falling fast,
 Upidee, upidah,
 When through an Alpine village passed,
 Upideeidah,
 A youth, who bore 'mid snow and ice
 A banner with this strange device:

**Upidee-idee-idah. Upidee, upidah,
 Upidee-idee-idah. Upidee, idah.
 Rr, rr, rr, rr, rr, rr, yah, yah, yah, yah.
 Upidee-idee-idah. Upidee, upidah,
 Upidee-idee-idah. Upidee, idah.**

His brow was sad, his eye beneath
 Upidee, upidah,
 Flashed like a falchion from its sheath,
 Upideeidah,
 And like a silver clarion rung
 The accent of that unknown tongue:

"O stay," the maiden said, "and rest
Upidee, upidah,
Thy weary head upon my breast."
Upideeidah,
A tear stood in his bright blue eye,
But still he answer'd with a sigh:

The traveller by the faithful hound
Upidee, upidah,
Half-buried in the snow was found,
Upideeidah,
Still grasping in his hand of ice
That banner with the strange device:

boy scouts' song

Be prepared. That's the boy scouts' marching song,
Be prepared. As thro' life you march along,
Be prepared to hold your liquor pretty well,
Don't write naughty words on walls if you can't spell.
Be prepared to hide that pack of cigarettes,
Don't make books if you cannot cover bets,
Keep that reefer hidden where you're sure
That they will not be found.
And be careful not to smoke them when the scout master's
around,
For he only will insist that they be shared.
Be prepared.

Be prepared. That's the boy scout's solemn creed,
Be prepared and be clean in word and deed.
Don't solicit for your sister, that's not nice
Unless you get a good percentage of her price.
Be prepared and be sure that you do
Your good deed when there's someone watching you.
When you're looking for adventure of a new and different kind,
And you come upon a girl scout
Who is similiary inclined,
Don't be flustered, don't be frightened, don't be scared,
Be prepared.

— From Medical Medleys.

it's the syme the world over

*A meaningful morsel for maudlin moralists.
Will also do to oil up your rusty Cockney
accent. (Tempo, da Beer Jug.)*

**It's the syme the whole world over
It's the poor what gets the blyme:
W'ile the rich 'as all the plysures
Now a'nt that a blinkin' shyme?**

She was just a parson's daughter,
Pure, unstyned was 'er fyme;
Till a country squire came courtin'—
And the poor girl lorst 'er nyme.

So she went aw'y to Lunnon,
Just to 'ide 'er guilty shyme;
There she met another squire;
Once ag'yn she lorst 'er nyme.

Look at 'im with all 'is 'orses,
Drinking champyne in 'is club,
W'ile the wictim of 'is folly
Mykes 'er livin' by 'er wice.

So she settled down in Lunnon,
Sinkin' deeper in 'er shyme,
Till she met a lybour leader,
And ag'yn she lorst 'er nyme.

Now 'e's in the 'Ouse of Commons,
Mykin' laws to put down crime,
W'ile the wictim of 'is plysure
Walks the street each night in shyme.

Then there cyme a bloated bishop,
Marriage was the tyle'e told.
There was no one else to tyke 'er,
So she sold 'er soul for gold.

See 'er in 'er 'orse and carriage,
Drivin' d'ily through the park;
Though she's myde a wealthy marriage,
Still she 'ides a brkyin' 'eart.

In their poor and 'umble dwellin',
There 'er grievin' payrents live,
Drinkin' champyne as she sends 'em,
But they never can forgive.

It's the syme the whole world over,
It's the poor what gets the blyme,
While the rich 'as all the plysures.
Now, an't that a blinkin' shyme?

nancy brown

In the hills of West Virginia lived a girl named Nancy Brown,
She was the finest filly for many miles around.
The deacon came a-visitin' the valley from below,
He almost reached the summit, but no further would she go;

**And she came rolling down the mountain,
Rolling down the mountain,
She came rolling down the mountain shouting "No!"
And she didn't give the deacon
That there thing that he was seekin'
She remained as pure as West Virginian snow.**

Well, along came a trapper with his phrases sweet and kind,
Took Nancy up the mountain, but at last she read his mind,

**And she came rolling down the mountain,
Rolling down the mountain,
She came rolling down the mountain piggyback.
She remained as I have stated,
Not one whit contaminated,
She remained as pure as pappy's applejack.**

Then along came a drummer, and he wooed her with a song,
He took her to the mountain, but she still knew right from wrong,

**And she came rolling down the mountain,
Rolling down the mountain,
She came rolling down the mountain breathin' scorn.
And despite the drummer's urgin',
She remained the village virgin,
She remained as pure as West Virginian corn.**

Up came a city slicker with his 100 dollar bills,
Took Nancy in his Cadillac, and kept her in the hills,

**And so she stayed up in the mountains,
Stayed up in the mountains,
Oh, she stayed up in the mountains all that night.
She returned next morning early,
More a woman than a girlie,
And her pappy kicked the hussy out of sight.**

Now she's living in the city,
Living in the city,
Oh, she's living in the city mighty swell.
She is dancing, she is dining,
On her fanny she's reclining,
And the West Virginian hills can go to Hell.

sir roger of kildare

(Tune: "*John Brown's Body*")

Oh, please, Mother darling, may I go to the fair,
May I go with Sir Roger, Sir Roger of Kildare?
For he's young and he is handsome,
And he loves me for my sake;
Oh, please, Mother darling, may I go to the fete?

Oh, yes, my darling daughter, you may go to the fair,
You may go with Sir Roger, Sir Roger of Kildare.
But although he's young and handsome,
And he loves you for your sake,
Just take the bread and butter when he offers you the cake.

Oh, poor little Mabel, she went to the fair,
She went with Sir Roger, Sir Roger of Kildare,
And he offered her some candy,
And he offered her some cake,
And it wasn't very long before her tum began to ache.

And all you young maidens, just beware, just beware,
Beware of Sir Roger, Sir Roger of Kildare;
For there is another version,
But we've brushed it up with care,
So sing the other version—if you dare, if you dare!

She wears a silken nightie in the summer when it's hot.
She wears her red pyjamas in the winter when it's not.
And sometimes in the springtime and sometimes in the fall
She slips between the sheets with nothing on at all.

Glory, glory for the summer when it's hot.
Glory, glory for the winter when it's not.
Glory for the springtime and glory for the fall
When she slips between the sheets with nothing on at all.

Oh! Sir Roger, do not touch me,
Oh! Sir Roger, do not touch me,
Oh! Sir Roger, do not touch me,
As she lay between the sheets with nothing on at all.

She's a very naughty lady,
She's a very naughty lady,
She's a very naughty lady,
As she lay between the sheets with nothing on at all.

rollo, the ravaging roman

She was a sweet little working girl she was,
Who lived in a house by the Tiber;
She was so innocent, pretty, and pure, she was,
I'm quite at a loss to describe her.
But she met, at the gladiatorial show,
A handsome young Roman — and how could she know?

**He was a villain, yes, sir, a bounder, a cad,
He couldn't recall all the wives he had had,
And dozens of kiddies all called him their Dad—
He was Rollo, the Ravaging Roman.**

He took this sweet little working girl, he did,
Home when the combat was over.
He told her he loved her — she said, "Get away!"
But she fell for the wicked young rover.
He swore that he'd die if they ever should part—
For years he had known this effusion by heart!

He took this sweet little working girl, he did,
Working one night by the Tiber—
He said, "Won't you love me—oh, won't you be mine?"
And with kisses attempted to bribe her.
She said, "Show me how!"—he responded, "O.K.",
And proceeded to show her the Appian Way!

He asked this sweet little working girl, he did,
To come round one night to his villa;
He kissed and caressed her, and whispered his love,
And with liquor proceeded to fill her.
She fainted at last, overcome by the brew,
But when he retired the young lady came too!

He told this sweet little working girl, he did,
To go to the wars he must leave her;
But instead he repaired to a mistress in France,
And then to a wife in Geneva!
She waited for years in sorrow and shame,
With her poor little baby, what hadn't a name!

They took this sweet little working girl, they did,
And buried her close by the Tiber,
In her coffin she looked so appealing and pure,
I'm quite at a loss to describe her!
She rested in peace—but the baby she had
Turned out in the end even worse than his Dad!

doctor freud

Oh it happened in Vienna not so very long ago,
When not enough folks were getting sick,
That a starving young physician tried to better his position,
By discovering what made his patients tick.

**Oh Doctor Freud, Oh Doctor Freud,
How I wish you had been otherwise employed.
For this set of circumstances sure enhances
The finances of the followers of Doctor Sigmund Freud.**

He forgot about sclerosis, but invented the psychosis,
And a hundred ways that sex could be enjoyed.
He adopted as his credo:
"Down repression, up Libido!"
And that was the start of Doctor Sigmund Freud.

Now he analysed the dreams of the teens and libertines,
And he substituted monogluers for pills,
He drew crowds just like Wells-Saddler
When along came Jung and Adler,
Who said, "By God, there's gold in them thar ills."

They encountered no resistance,
When they served as Freud's assistants
As with Ego and with Id they deftly toyed
And instead of toting bed-pans,
They bore analytic dead-pans
Those ambitious Doctors Adler, Jung and Freud.

Now the Big Three have departed,
But not so the cult they started—
It's been carried on by many a goodly band.
And to trauma, shock and war-shock,
Someone went and added Rorschach
Now the thing has got completely out of hand.

Now old men with double chinseys
And a million would-be Kinseys
Will discuss it at the drop of a repression.
I wouldn't mind complaining
But for all the dough I'm paying.
To lie down on someone's couch and say confession.

She was young, she was pure, she was new, she was nice,
She was fair, she was sweet seventeen.
He was old, he was vile, and no stranger to vice,
He was base, he was bad, he was mean.
He had slyly inveigled her up to his flat
To view his collection of stamps—all unperforated,
And he said as he hastened to put out the cat,
The wine, his cigar, and the lamp.

Have some Madeira m'dear, you really have nothing to fear,
I'm not trying to tempt you, that wouldn't be right,
You shouldn't drink spirits at this time of night.
Have some Madeira m'dear, it's very much nicer than beer.
I don't care for sherry, one cannot drink stout,
And port is a wine I can well do without,
It's really a case of chaud a son gout,
So have some Madeira m'dear.

Unaware of the wiles of the snake in the grass,
Of the fate of a maiden who topped,
She lowered her standards by raising her glass,
Her courage, her eyes, and his hopes.
She sipped it, she drank it, she drained it, she did,
He quietly refilled it again,
And he said as he secretly carved one more notch
On the butt of his gold-handled cane,

Have some Madeira m'dear, I've got a small cask of it here,
And once it's been opened you know it won't keep,
So finish it up, it will help you to sleep.
Have some Madeira m'dear, it's really an excellent year;
Now if it were gin you'd be wrong to say yes,
The evil gin does would be hard to assess,
Besides it's inclined to affect me prowess,
So have some Madeira m'dear.

Then there flashed to mind what her mother had said
With an antipenultimate breath,
O my child, should you look on the wine when it's red
Be prepared for a fate worse than death.
She let fall her glass with a shrill little cry—ah,
Crash, tinkle, it fell to the floor;
When he asked, "What in heaven?" she made (no reply)
Up her mind and dashed for the door.

Have some Madeira m'dear, rang down the hall loud and clear,
A tremulous cry that was filled with despair
As she paused to take breath in the cool midnight air,
Have some Madeira m'dear, the words seem to ring in her ear,
Until the next morning she woke up in bed,
With a smile on her lips and an ache in her head,
And a beard in her earhole, that tickled and said—
Have some Madeira m'dear

gendarmes' duet

We're public guardians bold and wary,
And of ourselves we take good care;
To risk our precious lives we're chary—
When danger looms we're never there.
But when we meet a helpless woman
Or little boys that do no harm.

**We run them in, we run them in,
We run them in, we run them in,
We show them we're the bold gendarmes.
We run them in, we run them in,
We run them in, we run them in,
We show them we're the bold gendarmes.**

Sometimes our duty's extra-mural—
And little butterflies we chase;
We like to gambol in things rural:
Commune with nature face to face.
Unto our beats then back returning,
Refreshed by nature's holy charms.

If gentlemen do make a riot,
And punch each other's heads at night;
We're quite disposed to keep it quiet,
Provided that they make it right,
But if they do not seem to see it,
Or give to us our proper terms.

Sometimes as specials we're on duty
To guard the water works and such,
We've each a truncheon that's a beauty,
But we don't use them very much.
You scoundrel there what's that you're after
Ach no, my friend, I vos no harm.

caviare

Caviare comes from the virgin sturgeon,
The virgin sturgeon's a very fine fish.
The virgin sturgeon needs no urgin',
That's why caviare is my dish.
My flamin' oath it is.
My flamin' oath it is.

I gave caviare to my girl-friend,
She was a virgin tried and true.
I gave caviare to my girl-friend,
She does what I want her to.
My flamin' oath she does.
My flamin' oath she does.

I gave caviare to my grandpa,
Grandpa's age was eighty-three.
I gave caviare to my grandpa,
He chased grandma up a tree.
My flamin' oath he did.
My flamin' oath he did.

I gave caviare to the vicar,
He was deprived of earthly joys.
Now he's in an institution,
For molesting little boys.
My flamin' oath he is.
My flamin' oath he is.

I gave caviare to my uncle
He'd been sterile all his life;
Now he has twenty-seven children,
Thank the Lord I'm not his wife.
My flamin' oath I do.
My flamin' oath I do.

I gave caviare to our rooster,
He had forty-seven wives,
Now our rooster needs no booster,
Hens are running for their lives.
My flamin' oath they are.
My flamin' oath they are.

life presents a dismal picture

(Tune: "*Austria*")

Life presents a dismal picture,
From the cradle to the tomb:
Father has an anal stricture,
Mother has a fallen womb.
Brother Percy's been deported
For a homosexual crime,
Sister Sue has been aborted
For the 42nd time.

Uncle Charlie has a chancre
Caught from Uncle Henry's wife,
May's in bed with menstruation,
Auntie's at the change of life.
Life presents a dismal picture
No one hardly ever smiles;
Mine's a gloomy occupation
Crushing ice for grandpa's piles.

Life presents a dismal picture—
Found a foetus in a case:
Dr. Bowden says it's murder—
Of Sister Anne there is no trace.
Brother Bill's emasculated
For the safety of the race,
Sister Jean is so frustrated
No man's safe around our place.

As for me I had a discharge
With mercury I did anoint,
But it was not worth a cracker:
Now I've got a Charcot's Joint.
Gonococcal Salpingitis
It has blocked my tubes for me;
So you see, my dearest doctor,
It's no use to do a D. and C.

good little girls

Good little girls should be in bed by seven
They shouldn't stay out too late.
Early to bed the wise man said,
It's no good to wait
Until it's half past eight.
For nice young ladies never have late nights
They only get exhausted in pillow fights.
Good little girls should be in bed by seven
So they can be home by ten.

shares in the very best companies

(Tune: "*My Bonny Lies Over the Ocean*")

I've shares in the very best companies,
In tramways, tobacco and tin,
In brothels in Rio Janiero,
My God, how the money rolls in . . .

With wealth in the big German steel works,
No wonder I helped Hitler win,
For when he suppressed the trade unions,
My God, how the money rolls in . . .

My father sent field guns to Franco,
My brother raised loans for Berlin,
My uncle sent scrap iron to Tojo,
To make sure that the money rolled in . . .

My cousin's a starting-price bookie,
My mother sells synthetic gin,
My sister sells sin to the sailors,
My God, how the money rolls in . . .

My brother's a curate in Sydney,
He's saving young girlies from sin,
He'll save you a blonde for a dollar—
My God, how the money rolls in . . .

We've started an old-fashioned gin shop,
A regular palace of sin,
The principal girl is my grandma,
My God, how the money rolls in . . .

My Aunt keeps a girls' Seminary,
She's teaching young girls to begin,
She doesn't say where they're to finish.
My God, how the money rolls in—etc.

My Cousin's a medical student,
With instruments long, sharp and thin,
He only does one operation,
My God, how the money rolls in . . .

My Auntie's a boarding-house keeper,
At night when the evening grows dim,
She hangs a red light in the window,
My God, how the money rolls in.

honest girl

I went to church
Like an honest girl should
And the boys come too
Just like boys would.

**Boys are boys
Wherever they may be
I will tell you bye and bye
How the boys treated me.**

I come home
Like an honest girl should
And the boys come too
Just like boys would.

I made a light
Like an honest girl should
And the boys put it out
Just like boys would.

I went to bed
Like an honest girl should
And the boys come too
Just like boys would.

I bare my baby
Like an honest girl should
And the boys denied it
Just like boys would.

goliath of garth

(Air: *Hymn 400, Presbyterian Hymn Book*)

(Sung with a lithp)

Goliath of Garth
With his helmet of brass,
One day he sat down
Upon the green grass;
Along came slim David
A servant of Saul,
And said, I will smite thee
Although I am small.

So David slipped down
To the side of the brook
And from its still waters
Six small stones he took;
He skilfully slung one
It sailed thru the sky
And smote the old sinner
Right over the eye.

Goliath fell down
In a swoon on the sward
Slim David stepped up
And swiped his great sword;
He lifted his helmet
And chopped off his head,
And all Israel shouted,
Yippee! Goliath is dead.

Lillian

Lil was a girl, she was—a beauty.
She lived in a house of ill-reput-e,
She drank deep of the demon rum,
And she smoked hashish and opium.

De boom boom, de boom boom, de boom boom boom.

She was young and she was fair,
She had masses of golden hair.
Folks they came for miles to see
Lillian in her deshabelle.

Day by day that girl grew thinner,
From insufficient protein in her,
Until at last the day came when
She had to cover up her abdomen.

She took sunbakes in the sun,
She took Scott's emulsion,
She took liver, she took yeast,
But still her clientele decreased.

She consulted a physician,
Who prescribed for her condition.
She had, as the doctors say,
Pernicious anaem-i-a.

As Lil lay there in her dishonour,
She felt the hand of the Lord upon her.
She cried, "O Lord, I will repent,
But that much cost you 50 cents."

And the moral for your sins,
As you can easily see,
Whatever your line of business,
Fitness wins.

o'reilly's daughter

As I was sitting in O'Reilly's bar,
Drinking the Reilly's rum and water,
Suddenly a thought came to my mind,
I'd like to O'Reilly's daughter.

**Giddey aye eh, giddey aye oh,
Giddey aye eh for the one-eyed Reilly,
....., and all,
Jig a jig a jig, tres bon.**

Up the stairs and into bed,
Gently I my
Not a word had the maiden said.
But she laughed like hell was over.

... standing,
... lying,
If she'd had wings,
... flying.

I heard two footsteps on the stair,
Who should it be but the one-eyed Reilly,
With two pistols in his hand,
He was in a fit entirely.

I grabbed O'Reilly by the hair,
Stuffed his head in a bucket of water,
Rammed those pistols up
A damned sight quicker than I his daughter.

(Slowly, with pathos)
Now O'Reilly's dead and gone,
Now O'Reilly is no more.
We've got hold of his coffin lid,
We're gonna use it as a house door.

don't send your daughter to the shop

Don't send your daughter to the Shop, Mrs. Worthington,
Don't send your daughter to the Shop,
She's been wisely taught at boarding school
That ignorance is bliss,
That petting with boys and other such joys
Are things that she'll never miss.
She's been sheltered
She doesn't indulge in risque talk
Believes the yarn about the stork
And drinks but ginger pop,
So be sure, Mrs. Worthington,
Keep her pure, Mrs. Worthington,
Don't send your daughter to the Shop.

Don't send your daughter to the Shop, Mrs. Worthington,
Don't send your daughter to the Shop,
If she doesn't succumb inanely to the ravings of the Reds,
She's bound to slip and lose her grip when she mingles with the
meds.
She'll read James Joyce,
And all those horrible things in Freud
And doubtless she'll be overjoyed
To let repressions drop.
She'll be mastered, Mrs. Worthington,
By some bounder, Mrs. Worthington.
So don't send your daughter to the Shop.

Don't send your daughter to the Shop, Mrs. Worthington,
Don't send your daughter to the Shop,
Now some of the younger lecturers have a wonderful power of
speech,
They'll have their flings and practice things they'd never dare to
preach.
And professors for all their degrees
Can cunningly tease.
In tutes she'll sit upon their knees
And won't know when to stop.
So please, Mrs. Worthington,
On my knees, Mrs. Worthington,
Don't send your daughter to the Shop.

old king cole

Old King Cole was a merry old soul,
And a merry old soul was he;
He called for his wife in the middle of the night
And he called for his fiddlers three.
Now every fiddler had a fine fiddle,
And a very fine fiddle had he.
Fiddle, diddle, diddle, diddle, went the fiddlers.
Very fine men are we;
But there's none so fair that can compare
With the boys of the Varsity.

Flutists three.
Now every flutist had a very fine flute,
And a very fine flute had he.
Flood tiddly oot, tiddly oot, went the flutists.....

Drummers three.
Rum tiddly um tiddly um went the drummers.....

Jugglers three.
Juggle, juggle, juggle, juggle, juggle.....

Painters three.
Slap it up and down, up and down.....

Tailors three.
Whip it in and out, in an out.....

Coalmen three.
Shove it in the hole in the front or the back.....

Butchers three.
Chop it in half, in half.....

Fishermen three.
I had one this long.....

plastic Jesus

I don't care if it rains or freezes.
Long as I've got my plastic Jesus.
Riding on the dashboard of my car.
Through my trials and tribulations
And my travels through the nations,
With my plastic Jesus I'll go far.

Plastic Jesus—plastic Jesus
Riding on the dashboard of my car.

I'm afraid he'll have to go.
His magnets ruin my radio
And if I have a prang, he'll leave a scar.

Riding down a thoroughfare
With his nose up in the air
A crash may be ahead but he don't mind
Trouble coming he don't see
He just keeps his eye on me,
And any other things that lie behind.

Plastic Jesus—plastic Jesus
Riding on the dashboard of my car.

Though the sunshine on his back
Makes him peel and chip and crack,
A little patching keeps him up to par.

When pedestrians try to cross,
I let them know who's boss
I never blow the horn or give them warning.
I ride all over town
Just trying to run them down
And it's seldom that they live to see the morning.

Plastic Jesus—plastic Jesus
Riding on the dashboard of my car.

His halo fits quite tight
And I use it for a right
And they'll scatter and they'll splatter near and far.

When I'm in a traffic jam
He don't care if I say damn,
I can let all sorts of curses roll.
Plastic Jesus doesn't hear
For he has a plastic ear.
The man who invented plastic saved my soul

**Plastic Jesus—plastic Jesus
Riding on the dashboard of my car.**

Once his robe was snowy white
Now it isn't quite so bright,
Stained by the smoke of my cigar.

If I weave around at night
And the pol-ice think I'm tight.
They'll never find my bottle—though they ask.
Plastic Jesus shelters me
For his head comes off you see—
He's hollow and I use him for a flask.

**Plastic Jesus—plastic Jesus
Riding on the dashboard of my car.**

Ride with me and have a dram
Of the blood of the lamb.
Plastic Jesus is a holy bar.

I don't care about traffic damage
Long as I got that graven image,
Sitting there—guiding me from bar to bar
You can have one phosphorescent
Glow in the dark and he's pink and pleasant.
Take him along when you go driving far.

**Plastic Jesus—plastic Jesus
Riding on the dashboard of my car.**

So when the traffic gets too scary
I grab my ten bob Virgin Mary
And stand her next to Christ upon my dash.

You can buy a fine Madonna
Dressed in Rhinestones sitting on a
Pedestal of abalone shells.
Going ninety I'm not wary
'Cos I got my Virgin Mary,
Guaranteed to keep me out of hell.

**Plastic Jesus—plastic Jesus
Riding on the dashboard of my car.**

Father, Son and Holy Ghost
I'm the one they love the most,
I've got the lamb of God in front of me.

king's navy

(Tune: "*Old Gray Mare*")

We don't have to march with the infantry,
Ride with the cavalry, shoot with the artillery,
We don't have to fly over Germany,
We are the King's Navy.

**We are the King's Navy,
We are the King's Navy.**

We can drink champagne with the best of them,
Gin with the worst of them, beer with the rest of them,
We are the empire's big hairy-chested men,
We are the King's Navy.

We drink scotch, scotch with the best of them,
Gin with the worst of them, beer with the Dartmouth men;
We like great big (sigh) hairy-chested men,
We are the sweet bloomer girls.

**We are the sweet bloomer girls,
We are the sweet bloomer girls.**

We drink scotch, scotch with the best of them,

(as above)

turkish delight

Aladdin loved a princess whom they called El Droubadour,
And though Aladdin loved her, she loved Aladdin more.
She'd open wide the palace gates to let her drunken Dad in,
And who could blame her if by chance she sometimes let Aladdin?

**Ah, ah, ah, ah,
And the next wife told her tale.**

Pharoah's lovely daughter went a-swimming in the Nile,
When all at once she came upon the little Moses child.
She took it to old Pharoah, said she found it by the shore,
Old Pharoah winked a knowing eye, said "I've heard that one before."

Salome was a dancing girl, she danced all wrapped in gauze,
From Timbuctoo to Samarkand she earned the crowd's applause.
The chief of police arrested her for showing too much zeal—
He didn't mind the upper deck but he couldn't stand the keel.

Abdul bought a motor-car, then swapped it for a camel,
He didn't like the colour so he dabbed it with enamel.
The enamel got all sticky while crossing the Sahara,
And now he can't get off it 'cos it's stuck to his ta-ra-ra.

Sinbad was a sailor, and you know what sailors are,
He was sailing southwards and one day he sailed too far.
He saw a pretty mermaid a-combing at her locks,
The naked truth upset him and drove him on the rocks.

Sheik Ali Ben Hassan had forty thousand wives,
He had to buy a charabanc to take them all for drives.
One day that charabanc broke down, there's where trouble starts,
His wives were waiting in a line but he had no spare parts.

Once there was a plumber and he left behind his tools,
He always had to do it—it was in the Union's rules;
He fell into a cistern, and when his mate returned,
It took three years to dig him out—what overtime he earned!

A young commercial traveller came to Bagdad one fine day,
He climbed upon the harem walls to watch the girls at play.
He promised he'd be good but when the bathing girls appeared—
He got so agitated that he fell and broke his word.

You must have heard of Chu Chin Chow the mandarin from
China,
Who tried to wed a fair young maid but found she was a minor.
"Alright, my dear," he said to her, "just wait in this here cage,
My other wives will last me out till you become of age."

the nice young man

Now there was a nice young man
Who left his country home,
And came to the city to seek employment.
He promised his dear mother
He would lead the simple life,
And always shun the fatal curse of drink.

Well he came to the city
And found employment in a quarry
And whilst there he made the acquaintance of some college men,
He little knew that they were demons
For they wore the best of clothes,
But clothes do not always make the gentlemen.

Now one night he went out
With his new found friends to dine,
And whilst there they tried to persuade him to take a little drink,
They tempted him and tempted him
But he refused and he refused,
'Til finally . . . he took a glass of beer.
When he had seen what he had done
He dashed the liquor to the floor,
And staggered out the door with delirious tremens
And whilst in the grip of liquor,
He met a Salvation Army lassie
And cruelly . . . he broke her tambourine.

All she said was "heaven bless you"
And laid a mark upon his brow,
(With a kick that she had learned from before the time she was
saved.)

So kind friends take my advice,
And shun the fatal curse of drink
And don't go round breaking people's tambourines.

the policeman's lot

When a fellow's not engaged in his employment—his employment,
Or maturing his felonious little plans—little plans,
His capacity for innocent enjoyment—cent enjoyment,
Is just as great as any honest man's.
Our feelings we with difficulty smother—culty smother,
When constabulary duties to be done—to be done,
Ah—take one consideration with another—with another,
A Policeman's Lot is not a happy one—happy one.

When the enterprising burglar's not a'burgling—not a'burgling,
When the cut throat isn't occupied in crime—pied in crime,
He loves to hear the little brook a'gurgling—brook a'gurgling,
And listen to the merry village chime.
When the coster isn't jumping on his mother—on his mother,
He loves to lie a-basking in the sun—in the sun,
Ah—take one consideration with another—with another,
A Policeman's Lot is not a happy one.

Chorus:

**When constabulary duties to be done—to be done,
A Policeman's Lot is not a happy one.**

fascinating witch

(Tune: "Glow-worm")

I wish I were a fascinating witch,
I'd never be poor, I'd always be rich.
I'd live in a house with a little red light,
I'd sleep all day and I'd work all night.
I'd take a vacation once in a while—
Just to make my customers wild.
I wish I were a fascinating witch,
Instead of an innocent child.

I wish I were a fascinating witch,
I'd never be poor, I'd always be rich.
I'd have a mink coat which I'd wear on my back,
And drive in a chauffeured Cadillac.
I'd have a canary with golden voice,
And a brand-new limousine Rolls Royce
I wish I were a fascinating witch,
Instead of an innocent child.

with her head tucked underneath her arm

In the Tower of London, large as life,
The ghost of Ann Boleyn walks, they declare;
Poor Ann Boleyn was once King Henry's wife,
Until he made the headsman bob her hair.
Ah, yes, he did her wrong, long years ago,
And she comes up at night to tell him so.

**With her head tucked underneath her arm,
She walks the bloody tower,
With her head tucked underneath her arm,
At the midnight hour.**

She comes to haunt King Henry,
She means giving him what for.
Gadzooks, she's going to tell him off,
She's feeling very sore,
And just in case the headsman wants to give her an encore,
She has her head tucked underneath her arm.

The sentries think that it's a football,
That she carries in,
And when they've had a few they shout,
"Is the Army going to win?"
They think that it's Red Range
Instead of poor old Ann Boleyn,
With her head tucked underneath her arm.

Sometimes gay King Henry gives a spread,
For all his pals and gals are ghostly, too.
The headsman carves the joint and cuts the bread,
Then in comes Ann Boleyn to queer the do,
She holds her head up with a wild war whoop,
And Henry cries "Don't drop it in the soup."

One night she caught King Henry,
He was in the canteen bar,
Said he, "Are you Jane Seymour, Ann Boleyn or Catherine Parr,
For how the sweet santariat,
Do I know who you are,
With your head tucked underneath your arm."

when all night long

When all night long a chap remains
On sentry-go, to chase monotony
He exercises of his brains,
That is, assuming that he's got any.
Though never nurtured in the lap
Of luxury, yet I admonish you,
I am an intellectual chap,
And think of things that would astonish you.

**I often think it's comical — Fal, lal, la, fal lal la!
How Nature always does contrive — Fal, lal lal, la!
That every boy and every gal
That's born into this world alive
Is either a little Liberal,
Or else a little Conservative!
Fal, lal la!**

When in that house M.P.'s divide,
If they've a brain and cerebellum too,
They've got to leave that brain outside,
And vote just as their leaders tell 'em to.
But then the prospect of a lot
Of dull M.P.'s in close proximity,
All thinking for themselves, is what
No man can face with equanimity.

**Then let's rejoice with loud Fal la-Fal, lal, la, fal, lal, la!
That Nature always does contrive — Fal-lal, la, la!
That every boy and every gal
That's born into this world alive
Is either a little Liberal,
Or else a little Conservative!
Fal, lal la!**

One bottle of Beer
Landlord fill the flowing bowl until it doth run over,
Landlord fill the flowing bowl until it doth run over,
But he who drinks just what he likes
And getteth half-seas over.
He who drinks just what he likes
And getteth half-seas over,
Will live till he dies, perhaps,
Live till he dies, perhaps,
Live till he dies, perhaps,
And then lie down in clover.

the rhyme of the chivalrous shark

Most chivalrous fish of the ocean,
To ladies forbearing and mild,
Though his record be dark, is the man-eating shark
Who will eat neither woman nor child.

He dines upon seaman and skippers,
And tourists his hunger assuage,
And a fresh cabin boy will inspire him with joy
If he's past the maturity age.

A doctor, a lawyer, a preacher,
He'll gobble one any fine day,
But the ladies, God bless 'em, he'll only address 'em
Politely and go on his way.

I can readily cite you an instance
Where a lovely young lady of Breem,
Who was tender and sweet and delicious to eat,
Fell into the bay with a scream.

She struggled and flounced in the water
And signaled in vain for her bark,
And she'd surely been drowned if she hadn't been found
By a chivalrous man-eating shark.

He bowed in a manner most polished,
Thus soothing her impulses wild;
"Don't be frightened," he said, "I've been properly bred
And will eat neither woman nor child."

Then he proffered his fin and she took it—
Such a gallantry none can dispute—
While the passengers cheered as the vessel they neared
And a broadside was fired in salute.

And they stood alongside the vessel,
When a life-saving dinghy was lowered
With the pick of the crew, and her relatives, too,
And the mate and the skipper aboard.

i was born about a thousand years ago

I was born about a thousand years ago,
And there's nothing in the world that I don't know,
I saw Peter, Paul and Moses playing ring around the roses,
And I'll lick the guy that says it isn't so.

I saw Satan when he looked the garden o'er,
Saw Adam and Eve driven from the door,
And behind the bushes peeping, saw the apple they were eating.
And I'll swear that I'm the guy that ate the core.

I saw Jonah when he shoved off in the whale,
And I thought he'd never live to tell the tale,
But old Jonah'd eaten garlic, and he gave the whale the colic,
So he coughed him up and let him outta jail.

I saw Israel in the battle of the Nile;
The arrows were flyin' thick and fast and wild.
I saw David with his sling, pop Goliath on the wing;
I was doin' forty second to the mile.

I saw Samson when he laid the village cold,
Saw Daniel tame the lions in their hold;
I helped build the tower of Babel up as high as they were able,
And there's lots of other things I haven't told.

old maid

He asked to hold my hand, I seriously objected.
I knew the feeling was grand, but I might not be respected.

He asked me for a hug, I seriously objected.
I knew the feeling was snug, but I might not be respected.

He asked me for a kiss, I seriously objected.
I knew the feeling was bliss, but I might not be respected.

Now I'm old and grey; my love I have rejected.
They call me an old maid, but by heck I'm respected.

hogben—the prophetic toad

I am *Xenopus Laevis*, the well-known Hogben Toad,
You come to me to tell you whether you can bear a load,
And I say I am accurate in 98 per cent.
To forecast some eight months ahead a really big event.

I am the indicator of that state of utter joy,
When what is in their minds is whether it's a girl or boy.
He comes to me with trembling knees and says, "Toad, tell me
this—
Do you really think I ought to do the right thing by the miss?"

In my extensive practice I have met some varied kinds—
From women of the street right up to really prudish minds.
But I am telling you that they are all the same to us,
I just sit there and lay my eggs if hormones are plus plus.

A woman came to me one day and said, "I don't feel well,
My BP's up, my muscles twitch, my feet begin to swell."
I asked her about her monthly loss, well just in figures round,
She thought awhile and then replied, "Oh roughly £20."

A Prof, of Mathematics thought that he had found the cure,
He worked it out in black and white when it would be secure.
But Nature as you know is just not simply one, two, three—
So now he's saving fifty quid, after consulting me.

And then there was the gentleman who took his sweet young thing,
To Grafenburg the Jewellers to purchase her a ring.
She wore the ring for many months on the finger of her hand,
For no one thought of telling her the purpose of the band.

For years now I've been trying to tell the government of the day,
That toad tests should be free to all just like the chest X-ray,
And can you just imagine it if Mum with blushing face
Proceeds to go and check if she's to propagate the race.

I am *Xenopus Laevis* the well-known Hogben Toad,
They come to me to tell them whether than can bear a load,
So if YOU ever are in doubt about a certain state,
Just come to me, I'll do the rest, at a very special rate.
—From Med. Medleys

the hearse song

Did you ever think as the hearse rolls by,
That sooner or later you're goin' to die,
With your boots a-swingin' from the back of a roan,
And the undertaker inscribin' your stone?

The men with shovels stand all around,
They shovel you into that cold, wet ground,
They shovel in dirt and they throw in rocks;
They don't give a damn if they break the box.

Oh, the worms crawl in, and the worms crawl out,
They do right dress and they turn about;
Then each one takes a bite or two
Of what the War Office used to call you!

Oh, your eyes drop out, and your teeth fall in,
And the worms crawl over your mouth and chin;
They bring all their friends, and their friends' friends too,
And you're chewed all to hell when they're through with you!

alouette

Alouette, gentille Alouette,
Alouette, je te plumerai.
Je te plumerai la tete,
Je te plumerai la tete,
A la tete, a la tete. Oh!
Alouette, gentille Alouette,
Alouette, je te plumerai.
Je te plumerai le bec,
Je te plumerai le bec,
A la tete, a la tete. Oh!

(le nez.
les yeux.
les ailes.
le dos.
les jambes.
les pieds.)

A French-Canadian popular song.

the departing stude

(Air: "*There is a Tavern in the Town*")

MEN

I was, I fear, a callow lad, callow lad,
When I became an undergrad, undergrad.
My plan so pure was to lead a life demure
And merely to my knowledge add.
Fare thee well, for I must leave you,
Let my lesson undeceive you
There is more to University than swot, swot, swot.
Adieu, adieu, kind friends, adieu, adieu, adieu,
I can no longer stay with you, stay with you.
I would stay you know, but weak I grow,
I'm debilitated with dry rot.

WOMEN

I was a charming fresherette, fresherette,
The boys admired my silhouette, silhouette.
I was happy when in the company of men
And I've never been to lectures yet.
Fare thee well, for I must leave you
Do not let my parting grieve you.
I must new and further pastures seek, seek, seek,
Adieu, adieu, kind friends, adieu, adieu, adieu,
I can no longer stay with you, stay with you.
I have had my fun but now my time is done,
I'm marrying a Senator next week.

ALL

The others who in splendour come, splendour come,
Have proved that they are not so dumb, not so dumb,
They have mixed their swot with a bit of tommy rot
And scraped through their curriculum.
Fare them well for they must leave us,
Let their parting never grieve us,
We'll be with them in another year or two, or three!
Adieu, adieu, kind friends, adieu, adieu, adieu,
We'd like to graduate with you, with you,
But we'll stay a while after you've walked down the aisle,
Till each has earned his own degree.

the old maid's calamity

Oh, dear, what a calamity,
Lots of old ladies locked in a lavatory;
They were there from Monday to Saturday,
And nobody knew they were there.

They were going to visit the vicar,
They went in together because it was quicker;
But they didn't know that the door was a sticker,
And nobody knew they were there.

The first one's name was Elizabeth Bender,
She went in to adjust her suspender;
The end got caught up in her feminine gender,
And nobody knew she was there.

The second one's name was Elizabeth Porter,
She went in to pass her superfluous water;
She stopped when she'd dribbled a pint and a quarter,
And nobody knew she was there.

The third one's name was Elizabeth Jepson,
She had just taken a large dose of Epsom;
And Oh! The result! It was flotsam and jetsam,
And nobody knew she was there.

The fourth one's name was Elizabeth Ruffin,
She tried for an hour, but she couldn't do nothin'
She said, "That was good," but knew she was bluffing,
And nobody knew she was there.

The fifth one's name was Elizabeth Meyer,
She kept on for ever, she couldn't retire;
She found the tide rose even higher and higher,
And nobody knew she was there.

The sixth one's name was Elizabeth Aitken,
She swallowed a seed which commenced germination;
And there she took root in a queer situation,
And nobody knew she was there.

The seventh one's name was Elizabeth Tanner,
She had swallowed a flute on a trip to Havana;
She blurted and trilled out the Star Spangled Banner,
And nobody knew she was there.

The eighth one's name was Elizabeth Muddle,
She dropped off to sleep in the height of her huddle;
She woke with a start with her end in a puddle,
And nobody knew she was there.

comfort of the law

Have you ever been a bankrupt? have you ever been in debt
And the creditors beseege you by the score?
Well, if you have met this kind of strife
Then I will bet my life,
That you've had to seek the comfort of the law.

Have you ever bought a lady for the price it takes to sin
And she's left you with your pants down at the door?
If you've met this kind of strife,
Then I will bet my life,
That you've had to seek the comfort of the law.

Have you ever peddled dope, on the easy payment scheme,
And you've advertised your product door to door?
I'll bet your embarrassment was exquisite
When the policeman paid his visit,
And you had to seek the comfort of the law.

Have you ever loved a lady of whose age you were not sure
And you've found she was 14 not 24?
If you've met this kind of strife,
Then I will bet my life,
You've had to seek the comfort of the law.

Have you ever taken drink with a charming lady fair,
And you've told her you're a lonely bachelor?
And although you gave her gin,
She still refused to sin,
And you had to seek the comfort of the law.

(Law Revue, '61)

the man on the flying machine

A circus song of 1868. Variety-hall and tavern entertainment of the time were considered too rough for women and children, but the circus was a pleasant amusement which could be enjoyed by everyone.

Oh, once I was happy, but now I'm forlorn,
Like an old coat that is tatter'd and torn.
I'm left in this wide world to fret and to mourn.
Betrayed by a maid in her teens.
Now this girl that I loved, she was handsome and swell,
And I tried all I knew her to please;
But I never could please her one-quarter so well
As that man on the flying trapeze.

**He flies thro' the air with greatest of ease,
The daring young man on the flying trapeze.
His movements are graceful; all girls he does please,
And my love he's purloined away.**

Now the young man by name was Senor Boni Slang,
Tall, big and handsome, as well made as Chang.
Where'er he appeared, how the hall loudly rang
With ovations from all people there.
He'd smile from the bar on the people below,
And one night he smiled on my love;
She winked back at him, and he shouted "Bravo!"
As he hung by his nose from above.

in trutina

In trutina mentis dubia
fluctuant contraria
lascivus amor et pudicitia.
Sed eligo quod video,
collum iugo prebeo;
ad iugum tamen suave transeo.

**I am suspended
between love
and chastity,
but I choose
what is before me
and take upon myself the sweet yoke.**

revolting

**We're revolting in the streets,
We're revolting in the squares,
We're revolting when in company,
We're revolting when in pairs.
We draw the line at working,
We guess it's safe to say
We're revolting!**

For poverty has been our lot
And is our mistress still
So we execute our betters to
Enlarge the common till
Although this may seem greedy, we
Are really not that mean
It's just that we enjoy the sound
Of Madame Guillotine.

Although these are our only clothes
We're not badly dressed
For even Dior's models show us
Too much leg and breast
But even poor, patchy folk
Can save beloved France
For revolutions must succeed
When women wear the pants.

Sure, Paris has the Notre Dame
It's also got the Seine
But who can drink the Eiffel Tower
Or eat Alsace Lorraine?
The common market's sweet F.A.
Who blames us if we sin?
For all we folks are longing for
Is more frog's legs and vin!

mary had a little lamb

Mary had a little lamb,
Her father shot it dead,
And now she carries it to school
Between two hunks of bread.

Now we'll have a second tale
With which you're not acquainted;
Mary had a little lamb,
And then the doctor fainted.

Mary had a little watch,
She swallowed it one day,
Now Mary's taking Epsom salts
To pass the time away.

In spite of all that Mary did
The time refused to pass,
So if you want to know the time
Just look up Mary's uncle.
(He's got a watch.)

students' duet

(Air: "*Gendarmes Duet*")

When standing on street corners,
Watching the popsies flitting by,
And they are wearing sweaters on them
A second skin to catch the eye.
And if they slowly raise one eyebrow,
And slowly close the other eye,
We'll take them on (we'll take them on)
We'll take them on (we'll take them on)
We'll show we're students bold and true,
We'll take them on (we'll take them on)
We'll take them on (we'll take them off)
And then we know just what to do.

Eating hamburgers at Joe's place,
At half-past two or three,
If we should meet two big, bad bodgies,
Who gaze at us insultingly,
And if we feel inclined to censor them,
And they're not over five feet three,
We'll take them on (we'll take them on)
We'll take them on (we'll take them on)
We'll show we're students bold and true,
We'll take them on (we'll take them on)
We'll take them on (we'll take them on)
Because we've brought our Shanghais, too.
(From Qld. Uni. Revue "*Bacchanalia*")

plymouth rock

We shun the Lambeth Conference,
And the Lambeth Walk,
In Spiritual Seclusion,
We scarcely even talk,
But now let's all unfrock
To the Plymouth Rock.

Chorus:

So swing your hips together,
Now the word's around
All our other brethren
Are rolling on the ground,
And let's all interlock
To the Plymouth Rock.

Chorus:

David lived with Abishag,
Till he was ninety-three
It says so in the Bible
That's good enough for me
So let's increase our stock
To the Plymouth Rock.

Tune: "*All Through the Night*"
Dunlop products keep you comfy
All through the night,
Rest assured in perfect safety,
All through the night.

ego sum abbas

Ego sum abbas Cucaniensis
et consilium meum est cum bibulis,
et in secta Decii voluntas mea est,
et qui mane me quesierit in taberna,
post vesparam nudus egredietur,
et sic denudatus veste clamabit:

Wafna!
quid fecisti sors turpissima?
Nostre vite gaudia
abstulisti omnia!

**I am the Abbot of Cucany,
and I meet with my fellow-drinkers
and belong to the sect of Decius.**

**Whosoever meets me in the tavern over dice
loses his garments by the end of the day,
and, thus denuded, he cries:**

Wafna, wafna!

**What hast thou done, O infamous fate?
Thou hast taken away
all the pleasures of this life.**

we shall overcome

**We shall overcome, we shall overcome,
We shall overcome some day.
Oh, deep in my heart, I do believe,
We shall overcome someday.**

**We are not afraid, we are not afraid,
We are not afraid today.
Oh, deep in my heart, I do believe,
We shall overcome someday.**

We are not alone . . . (today)

The truth will make us free . . .

We'll walk hand in hand . . .

The Lord will see us through . . .

(The last two lines are the same in every verse.)

come by here

Come by here, my Lord, come by here,
Come by here, my Lord, come by here,
Come by here, my Lord, come by here,
Oh Lord, come by here.

Churches are burning Lord, come by here (3 times)
Oh Lord, come by here.

Somebody's starving Lord, come by here . . .

Somebody's shooting Lord, come by here . . .

We want justice Lord, come by here . . .

We want freedom Lord, come by here . . .

get on board, little children

**Get on board, children, children,
Get on board, children, children,
Get on board, children, children,
Let's fight for human rights.**

I hear those mobs a-howling and coming round the square,
Hol-ler-in', catch those freedom fighters, But were gon-na meet
them there.

As fighters we're not running for we are here to stay
Forget about Ross Barnett the Lord will make a way.

As fighters we're aware of the fact that we may go to jail
But if you fight for freedom, there's no such thing as bail.

As fighters we go hungry, sometimes don't sleep or eat
We're gonna keep on fighting for freedom, in the end we will be
free.

Can't you see that mob a'comin' 'round the bend,
If you fight for freedom, they sure will do you in.

equality for all

(Tune: *Battle Hymn of the Republic*)

Mine eyes have seen the coming of Equality for all
And as the Freedom Riders we are answering the call
Even though we shall be placed behind old parchman's prison wall
Segregation has to fall.

**Black and white shall ride together
Black and white shall eat together
Black and white shall live together
Integration is for all.**

**Black and white shall sit together
Black and white shall learn together
Black and white shall vote together
Integration is for all.**

we shall not be moved

**We shall not, we shall not be moved,
We shall not, we shall not be moved,
Just like a tree, planted by the water,
We shall not be moved.**

We are fighting for our freedom, we shall not be moved,
We are fighting for our freedom, we shall not be moved,
Just like a tree, planted by the water,
We shall not be moved.

We are black and white together, we shall not be moved . . .

We will stand and fight together, we shall not be moved . . .

The Government is behind us, we shall not be moved . . .

Our parks are integrating, we shall not be moved . . .

We're sunning on the beaches, we shall not be moved . . .

come and go with me to that land

**Come and go with me to that land,
come and go with me to that land,
Come and go with me to that land
where I'm bound;
Come and go with me to that land, oh
come and go with me to that land,
Come and go with me to that land
where I'm bound.**

No Jim Crow in that land . . . etc.
No burning churches in that land . . .
There'll be singing in that land . . .
There'll be freedom in that land . . .
No chief Pritchett in that land . . .
We'll all be free in that land . . .
All is well in that land . . .
There'll be peace in that land . . .

on the twelfth day of christmas

On the first day of Christmas,
My true love sent to me
A corpse hanging in a pear tree.
On the second day of Christmas,
My true love sent to me
Two vampire bats,
And a corpse hanging in a pear tree.
Three squashed flies.
Four drops of blood.
Five shrunk heads.
Six coffins yawning.
Seven skulls a-grinning.
Eight chains a-clanking.
Nine widows a-wailing.
Ten bombs a-bursting.
Eleven grains of arsenic.
The bill for —.



drunk last night

Drunk last night,
Drunk the night before,
I'M going to get drunk tonight
Like I've never been drunk before.
See here we are as happy as can be,
For we are the boys of the Varsity.
Glorious, Victorious,
One keg of Beer
Between the four of us.
Thank God there are no more of us
For one of us could drink the ruddy lot.

Without his on,
Honey, have a on me.
Roll over Mabel,
The label's on the other side.

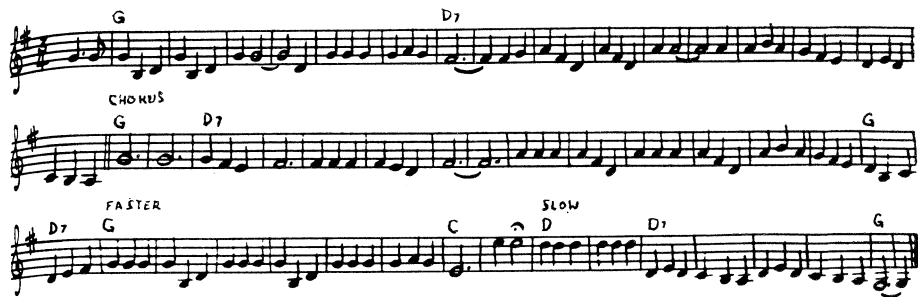
I know you like it,
But you aint gonna get it now.

beer

I won't sing of sherbert and water,
And cocoa with beer will not rhyme,
We working men can't afford champagne,
It's a bit more than sixpence a time,
But I'll sing you a song of a gargle,
A gargle that I love so dear,
I allude to that grand institution,
That beautiful tonic called beer.

Beer, beer, glorious beer!
Fill yourself right up to here!
Drink a good deal of it,
Make a big meal of it,
Stick to your old fashioned beer!
Don't be afraid of it,
Drink till you're made of it,
Let's put another down here!
Up with the sale of it,
Down with a pail of it,
Glorious, glorious beer!

glorious beer



Let me sing you a song of a gargle,
 A lotion to me very dear;
 I refer to that grand lubricator,
 That wonderful tonic called beer, boom, boom, boom, boom,
 boom.

**Beer, beer, glorious beer,
 Fill yourself right up to here;
 Don't be afraid of it, drink 'til you're made of it,
 Drink of our old lager beer, boom, boom, boom, boom, boom,
 Drink a great deal of it, make a whole meal of it,
 Come, boys, a rousing good cheer, hurrah!
 Up with the sale of it, down with the bale of it,
 Glorious, glorious beer.**

It's the daddy of all lubricators,
 A very fine thing for your neck;
 Can be used as a lotion or gargle,
 For people of every sect, boom, boom, boom, boom, boom.

They say there's a goddess of wine, boys,
 But is there a goddess of beer?
 If there is let us drink to her name, boys,
 And wish that we had her right here, boom, boom, boom, boom,
 boom.

the doors swing in

(A Drinking Song—suitable for harmonising)

**Oh! The doors swing in and the doors swing out,
And some pass in while others pass out,
Dear father is here with his nose in a beer.
Behind the swinging doors, behind the swinging doors.**

Oh, Father dear father come home with me now,
The clock in the steeple strikes one,
Poor Willie is dying, his end's drawing nigh,
While you sit here having your fun.

Oh, Father dear father come home with me now,
The clock in the steeple strikes two,
The bailiffs have just thrown us out into the street,
Oh, what are we going to do.

Poor mother is weeping, distraught with wild grief,
And no one for comfort but me.
The baby's been sold to the butchers for meat,
To be sent to the home for the poor.

Poor Mary has only just drawn her last breath,
In a sinister underworld dive.
Poor Sarah's demented she's out on the street,
Dispensing her favours for nix.

Aunt Annie's in chapel she's praying for us,
For she fears that we won't go to heaven.
Young Willie's disgraced us, dismissed from the church,
For helping himself to the plate.

the little brown jug

My wife and I lived all alone,
In a little log hut we called our own;
She loved gin and I loved rum.
I tell you what,
We'd lots of fun.

**Ha, ha, ha, you and me,
Little brown jug don't I love thee;
Ha, ha, ha, you and me,
Little brown jug, don't I love thee.**

'Tis you who make my friends my foes,
'Tis you who make me wear old clothes;
Here you are, so near my nose,
So tip her up and down she goes.

The rose is red, my nose is, too;
The violet's blue, and so are you;
And yet I guess before I stop,
We'd better take another drop.

alcoholics' anthem

(Tune: "*Men of Harlech*")

What's the use of drinking tea,
Indulging in sobriety
And tee-total per-ver-sity?
It's healthier to booze.
What's the use of milk and water?
These are drinks that never oughter
Be allowed in any quarter
Come on, lose your blues.
Mix yourself a Shandy!

Drown yourself in Brandy!
Sherry Sweet,
Or Whisky neat,
Or any kind of liquor that is handy.
There's no blinking sense in drinking
Anything that doesn't make you stinking!
There's no happiness like sinking
Blotto to the Floor!

Put an end to all Frustration,
Drinking may be your Salvation,
End it all in dissipation
Rotten to the core!
Aberrations metabolic,
Ceiling that are hyperbolic,
These are for the Alcoholic
Lying on the Floor!

Vodka for the Arty,
Gin to make you Hearty,
Lemonade was only made
For drinking if your mother's at the Party.
Steer clear of home-made beer,
And anything that isn't labelled clear
There is nothing else to fear
Bottoms up—My Boys!

jolly good ale and old

I cannot eat but little meat,
My stomach is not good;
But sure I think that I can drink
With him that wears a hood.
Though I go bare, take ye no care,
I nothing am a-cold;
I stuff my skin so full within
Of jolly good ale and old.

**Back and side, go bare, go bare;
Both foot and hand so cold;
But, belly, God send thee good ale enough
Whether it be new or old.**

I love no roast but a nut-brown toast,
And a crab laid in the fire;
A little bread I not desire.
No frost nor snow, no wind, I trow,
Can hurt me if I wold;
I am so wrapped and thoroughly lapped
Of jolly good ale and old.

Now let them drink till they nod and wink,
Even as good fellows should do;
They shall not miss to have the bliss
Good ale doth bring men to;
And all poor souls that have scoured bowls
Or have them lustily trolled,
God save the lives of them and their wives,
Whether they be young or old.

beering again

Beer, beer, we're beering again,
Empty your glasses, fill them again,
Send somebody out for gin,
Don't let a sober person in.
We never stagger, we never roll,
We sober up on pure alcohol,
While our drunken pals go marching
Back to the pub for more.

three jolly coachmen

Three jolly coachmen sat in an English tavern
Three jolly coachmen sat in an English tavern
And they decided, and they decided, and they decided,
To have another flagon.

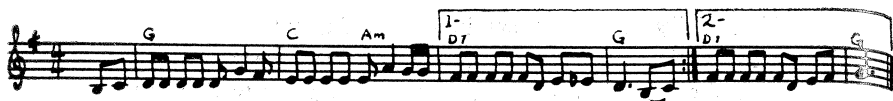
Landlord fill the flowing bowl until it doth flow over,
Landlord fill the flowing bowl until it doth flow over,
For tonight we'll merry be,
For tonight we'll merry be,
For tonight we'll merry be,
Tomorrow we'll be sober.

Here's to the man who drinks dark ale
And goes to bed quite mellow,
Here's to the man who drinks dark ale
And goes to bed quite mellow,
He lives as he ought to live,
Lives as he ought to live,
Lives as he ought to live,
And dies a jolly good fellow.

Here's to the man who drinks water pure
And goes to bed quite sober;
Here's to the man who drinks water pure
And goes to bed quite sober;
He falls as the leaves do fall,
Falls as the leaves do fall,
Falls as the leaves do fall,
He'll die before October.

But he who drinks just what he likes
And getteth half-seas over,
He who drinks just what he likes
And getteth half-seas over,
Will live till he dies, perhaps,
Live till he dies, perhaps,
Live till he dies, perhaps,
And then lie down in clover.

the pig



It was early last December, as near as I remember,
I was walking down the street in tipsy pride;
No one I was disturbing, as I lay down by the curbing,
And a pig came up and lay down by my side.

As I lay there in the gutter, thinking thoughts I cannot utter,
A lady passing by was heard to say,
"You can tell a man who boozes by the company he chooses."
And the pig got up and slowly walked away.

drinking

In cellar cool, I sit at ease
Upon a barrel resting;
In merry mood I loudly call
The best of wine digesting;
The cellar-man my beaker fills,
And soon my lips are linking,
As deep and long the luscious draught
That I am drinking, drinking, drinking.

A demon plagues me, thirst to wit,
And for his exorcising
I lift my cup and empty it
Of Rhine wine appetising.
The whole wide world her radiant charm
In rosy red is pinking;
I could not do a fellow harm
While drinking, drinking, drinking.

Only my thirst gets worse each glass
I pour into each weasand;
That is the sorry lot, alas,
Of every toper seasoned.
My comfort is, when from the cask,
Down to the floor I'm sinking;
I have not flinched from any task
Of drinking, drinking, drinking.

the dungenyul song

(Tune: *Doggie in the Window*)

I met an old man called Roverie,
I was talkin' to him the other day,
When I asked him what was his opinion,
To me these words he did say,

"Now I'm just a common old swaggie,
"I wander, like some people say,
"But I like me grog and me dungenyul,
"I guess I was brought up that way.

"Now beer is all froth and bubble,
"And whiskey will make a man moan,
"And plonk's just another name for trouble,
"But the dungenyul is out on its own."

tavern in the town

There is a tavern in the town, in the town,
And there my true love sits him down, sits him down,
And drinks his wine 'mid laughter free,
And never, never thinks of me.

**Fare thee well, for I must leave thee,
Do not let the parting grieve thee.
And remember that the best of friends must part, must part;**

**Adieu, adieu, kind friends, adieu, adieu, adieu,
I can no longer stay with you, stay with you;
I'll hang my harp on a weeping willow tree,
And may the world go well with thee.**

He left me for a damsel dark, damsel dark,
Each Friday night they used to spark, used to spark,
And now my love, once true to me,
Takes that dark damsel on his knee.

Oh! dig my grave both wide and deep, wide and deep,
Put tombstones at my head and feet, head and feet,
And on my breast carve a turtle-dove,
To signify I died of love.

auld lang syne

Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
And never brought to min'?
Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
And days o' auld lang syne?

For auld lang syne, my dear,
For auld lang syne;
We'll tak' a cup o' kindness yet,
For auld lang syne.

And here's a hand, my trusty fiere,
And gie's a hand o' thine,
And we'll tak' a richt guid willie waught
For auld lang syne!

And surely ye'll be your pint-stoup,
And surely I'll be mine,
And we'll tak' a cup o' kindness yet
For auld lang syne!

vive l'amour

Let ev'ry good fellow now fill up his glass,
Viva la compagnie!
And drink to the health of our glorious class.
Viva la compagnie!
Vive la, vive la, vive l'amour!
Vive la, vive la, vive l'amour!
Vive la reine! Vive le roi!
Viva la compagnie!

Let every married man drink to his wife,
The joy of his bosom and plague of his life.

Come, fill up your glasses; I'll give you a toast,
Here's a health to our friend, our kind, worthy host.

Since all with good humour you've toasted so free,
I hope it will please you to drink now with me.

whiskey

(This song is a relic of prohibition days in America)

My girl friend don't like me,
She says I'm too cold;
She says I'm unworthy
To enter the fold.
She says I drink whiskey,
But my money's my own,
And if she don't like it
She can leave me alone.

**Singing whiskey, rye whiskey,
It's whiskey I cry,
If the whiskey don' kill me
I'll live 'till I die.**

If the ocean were whiskey,
And I were a duck,
I'd swim to the bottom and never come up.
But the ocean ain't whiskey,
And I ain't a duck;
So play the Jack o' Diamonds
And just trust to luck.

i'll help you home

I'll help you home again, Kathleen,
You'd never make it on your own,
Oh, what a night it would have been
If you had left the grog alone.

I've told you often, Kathleen, dear,
That mixing cider, beer and gin,
Will land you on your lovely ear,
As sure as any Mickey Finn.

Oh, I will help you home, Kathleen,
To where your head will feel no pain,
But when the party's on again,
You can damned well stay at home, Kathleen.

drinking song

Ein, Zwei, Drei, Vier,
Lift your stein and drink your beer,
Ein, Zwei, Drei, Vier,
Life your stein and drink your beer.

**Drink, drink, drink, to eyes that are bright as stars when
they're shining on me,
Drink, drink, drink, to lips that are red and sweet as the
fruit on the tree.**

Here's a hope that those bright eyes will shine,
Lovingly, longingly, soon into mine,
May those lips that are red and sweet
Tonight with joy my own lips meet,
Drink, drink, let the toast start,
May young hearts never part,
Drink, drink, drink,
Let every true lover salute his sweetheart,
Let's drink!

goodbye booze

So goodbye booze, for evermore,
My drinking days are nearly o'er.
Good times we've had, you'll not deny,
But goodbye booze, I'm going to die.

And when I die, don't bury me at all,
Just pickle my bones in alcohol,
Lay a bottle of gin at my head and feet
And then I'll know my bones will keep.

And then I'll go away down below,
Down where they say all boozers go;
And there you'll see Old Nick and me,
Good coppers we, for evermore.

song of point one five

(Tune: "John Brown's Body")

In our grandpa's easy age a man was not considered "stung"
If the British Constitution could not tangle up his tongue;
But today a scientific test can almost have him hung;
Point one five is doom afoot.

Point one two—that festive feeling;
Point one three—the room is reeling;
Point one four—hold up the ceiling;
Point one five—mafeesh! kaput!

To the computational boffin all the older tests are dud:
He will calculate your cargo from your bladder or your blood;
But the hundredth part of one per cent. he'll down you in the mud,
Point one five can't be gainsaid.

Point one two means "Case is doubtful",
Point one three means "Near a snoutful",
Point one four means "Just about full",
Point one five means "Drunk's Parade".

If you gargle beer or spirits or you look upon the wine,
Though your eyes are far from glazing and you walk a steady line,
And your speech is clearly normal, you can still collect a fine,
Point one five will leave no doubt.

Point one two says "Bright and breezy",
Point one three says "Take it easy!",
Point one four says "Queer and queasy",
Point one five, "Strike three! You're out!"

If the G.M.O. should bleed you for a sample of your gore,
So the analyst can tally up your alcoholic score,
Then the Beak will bleed you whiter than you've ever bled before;
Point one five—you're on the spot.

Point one two—"You're safe I think, sir".
Point one three—"You've taken drink, sir".
Point one four—"You're on the brink, sir".
Point one five—"Hah! Cop the lot!"

So in toping, to be safe against the fine and forfeiture,
Let your habits and your bloodstream be statistically pure,
Or that deadly little decimal will shatter you for sure—
Point one five will see you sunk.

Point one two—you're slightly plastered;
Point one three—you're nearly mastered;
Point one four—you're boozed, you b——!
Point one five—you filthy drunk!

(This song is based on the fact that magistrates consider a man legally drunk if his blood contains 1.5 per cent alcohol.)

worst hangover

(Tune: *"I'm Looking Over a Four-leafed Clover"*)

I'm getting over a worse hangover
Than I ever had before.
The first was a whisky,
The second was gin,
The third was a beer with a cigarette in.
There's no need explaining the one remaining
Is over the kitchen floor.
I'm getting over the worst hangover
That I ever had before.

let her sleep under the bar

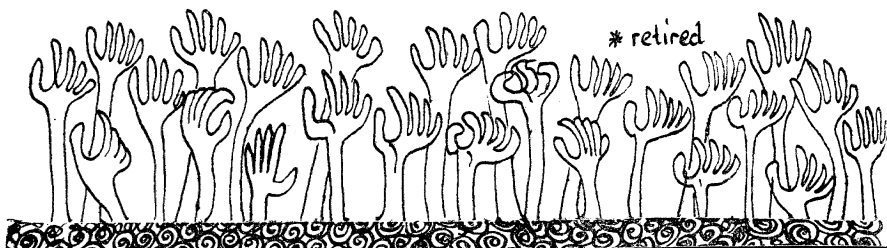
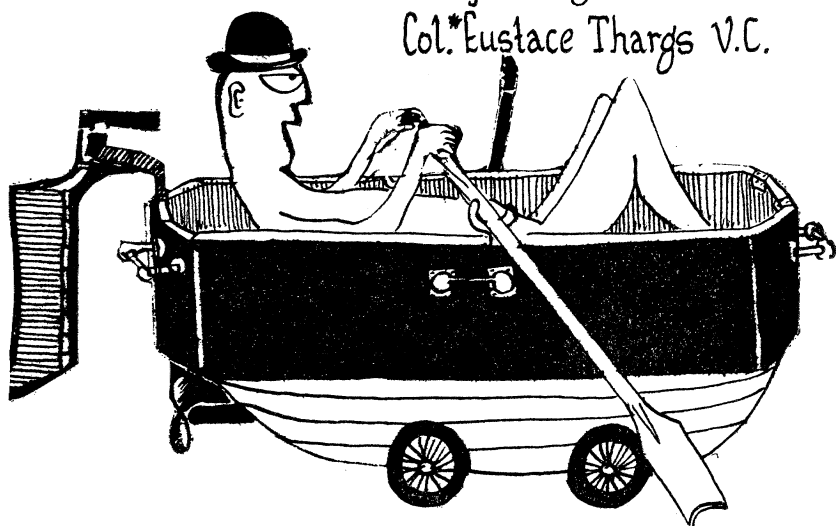
'Twas a cold winter's evening, the guests were all leaving,
O'Leary was closing the bar,
When he turned and he said to the lady in red,
"Get out! You can't stay where you are!"
She shed a sad tear in her bucket of beer
As she thought of the cold night ahead,
When a gentleman dapper stepped out of the—phone booth,
And these were the words that he said.

"Her mother never told her the things a young girl should know,
About the ways of college men, and how they come and go
(mostly go).
Age has taken her beauty, and sin has left its sad scar,
So remember you mother and sisters, boys, and let her sleep
under the bar."



SATIRICAL SONGS

compiled by
Col.*Eustace Thargs V.C.



*retired

battle hymn of the republic

Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord;
He is tramping out the vintage where the grapes of wrath are
stored.

He hath loos'd the fateful lightning of his terrible swift sword,
His truth is marching on.

**Glory, glory, hallelujah,
Glory, glory, hallelujah,
Glory, glory, hallelujah,
His truth is marching on.**

I have seen him in the watchfires of a hundred circling camps;
They have builded him an altar in the ev'ning dews and damps.
I can read His righteous sentence by the dim and flaring lamps,
His truth is marching on.

I have read a fiery gospel writ in burnish'd rows of steel:
"As ye deal with my contemners, so with you my grace shall
deal."

Let the Hero, born of woman, crush the serpent with his heel,
Since God is marching on.

stout hearted men

You who have dreams, if you act they will come true!
To turn your dreams to a fact, it's up to you!
If you have the soul and the spirit never fear it, you'll see it thru.
Hearts can inspire other hearts, with their fire.
For the strong obey when a strong man shows them the way.

Give me some men who are stout-hearted men who will fight for
the right they adore.
Start me with ten who are stout hearted men and I'll soon give you
ten thousand more,
Oh! shoulder to shoulder and bolder to bolder they grow as they
go to the fore!
Then—There's nothing in the world can halt or mar a plan—
When stout hearted men can stick together man to man!

the star-spangled banner

O say, can you see by the dawn's early light,
What so proudly we hailed at the twi-light's last gleaming,
Whose broad stripes and bright stars thro' the perilous fight,
O'er the ramparts we watched, were so gallantly streaming,
And the rockets' red glare, bombs bursting in air,
Gave proof thro' the night that our flag was still there;
O say, does the star-spangled banner yet wave
O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave?

**O say, does the star-spangled banner yet wave
O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave?**

On the shore dimly seen through the mists of the deep,
Where the foes haughty host in dread silence reposes,
What is that which the breeze o'er the towering steep,
As it fitfully blows, half conceals, half discloses?
Now it catches the gleam of the morning's first beam,
In glory reflected now shines in the stream;
'Tis the star-spangled banner—O long may it wave
O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave.

'Tis the star-spangled, etc.

And where is that bard who so vauntingly swore
That the havoc of war and the battle's confusion,
A home and a country should leave us no more?
Their blood has washed out their foul footsteps' pollution.
No refuge could save the hireling and slave,
From the terror of flight or the gloom of the grave;
And the star-spangled banner in triumph doth wave
O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave.

And the star-spangled, etc.

O thus be it ever when freemen shall stand
Between their loved homes and war's desolation,
Blest with vict'ry and peace may the heaven-rescued land
Praise the Power that hath made and preserved us a nation.
Then conquer we must, when our cause it is just,
And this be our motto: "In God is our trust!"
And the star-spangled banner in triumph shall wave
O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave.

And the star-spangled, etc.

land of hope and glory

(Words by Arthur C. Bonson; music by Sir Edward Elgar)

Dear Land of Hope, thy hope is crowned,
God make thee mightier yet!
On Sov'ran brows, beloved, renowned,
Once more thy crown is set.
Thine equal laws, by freedom gained,
Have ruled thee well and long;
By Freedom gained, by Truth maintained,
Thine Empire shall be strong.

**Land of Hope and Glory, Mother of the Free,
How shall we extoll thee, who are born of thee?
Wider still and wider shall thy bounds be set;
God, who made thee mighty, make thee mightier yet.**

Thy fame is ancient as the days,
As ocean large and wide;
A pride that dares, and heeds not praise,
A stern and silent pride;
Not that false joy that dreams content
With what our sires have won;
The blood a hero sire hath spent
Still nerves a hero son.

Land of Hope and Glory . . . etc.

jerusalem

(William Blake, 1757-1827)

And did those feet in ancient time
Walk upon England's mountains green?
And was the holy Lamb of God
On England's pleasant pastures seen?
And did the countenance divine
Shine forth upon our clouded hills?
And was Jerusalem builded here
Among those dark satanic mills?

Bring me my bow of burning gold!
Bring me my arrows of desire!
Bring me my spear! O clouds, unfold!
Bring me my chariot of fire!
I will not cease from mental fight,
Nor shall my sword sleep in my hand,
Till we have built Jerusalem
In England's green and pleasant land.

on the road to mandalay

By the Old Moulmein Pagoda, looking eastward to the sea,
There's a Burma girl a-setting and I know she thinks of me;
For the wind is in the palm-trees an' the temple bells they say:
"Come you back you British soldier; come you back to Mandalay,
come you back to Mandalay!"

**Come you back to Mandalay, Where the old Flotilla lay;
Can't you hear their paddles chunkin' from Rangoon to
Mandalay?
On the Road to Mandalay Where the flying fishes play,
An' the dawn comes up like thunder out of China 'crost the
bay.**

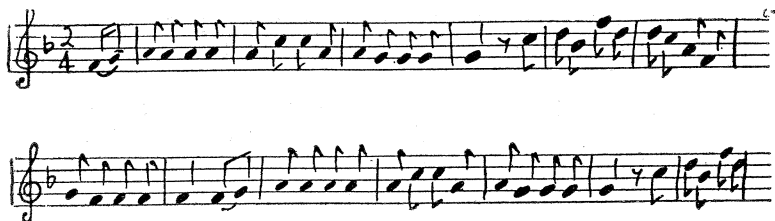
'Er petticoat was yaller, an' 'er little cap was green,
An' 'er name was Supiyawlat—jes' the same as Thee-baw's Queen,
An' I seed her first a-smokin' of a whacking white cheroot,
An' a-wastin' Christian kisses on an 'eathen idols foot, on an
'eathen idols foot:

Bloomin' idol made o' mud—What they called the great Gawd
Budd—
Plucky lot she cared for idols when I kissed her where she stood!
On the Road to Mandalay Where the flying fishes play,
And the dawn comes up like thunder out of China 'crost the bay.

Ship me somewheres east of Suez where the best is like the worst,
Where there arn't no Ten Commandments, an a man can raise a
thirst:
For the temple bells are calling, an' it's there that I would be—
By the old Moulmein Pagoda lookin' lazy at the sea, looking lazy
at the sea;

Come you back to Mandalay where the old Flotilla lay,
Can't 'ear their paddles chunking from Rangoon to Mandalay?
On the Road to Mandalay Where the flying fishes play,
An' the dawn comes up like thunder out of China 'crost the bay.

the wearing of the green



Oh, Paddy dear, and did you hear the news that's going round?
The shamrock is by law forbid to grow on Irish ground;
Saint Patrick's Day no more we'll keep, his colours can't be seen.
For there's a cruel law against the wearing of the green.

I met with Napper Tandy, and he took me by the hand,
And he said, "How's poor old Ireland, and how does she stand?"
She's the most distressful country that ever yet was seen;
They're hanging men and women there for wearing of the green.

Then since the colour we must wear is England's cruel red,
Sure Ireland's sons will ne'er forget the blood that they have shed;
You may take the shamrock from your hat, and cast it on the sod,
But 'twill take root and flourish there, tho' underfoot 'tis trod.

When the law can stop the blades of grass from growing as they
grow,
And when the leaves in summertime their verdure dare not show,
Then I will change the colour that I wear in my caubeen;
But till that day, please God, I'll stick to wearing of the green.

waltzing matilda

Once a jolly swagman camped by a billabong,
Under the shade of a coolabah tree;
And he sang as he watched and waited till his billy boiled,
You'll come a-waltzing, Matilda, with me.

**Waltzing Matilda, waltzing Matilda,
You'll come a-waltzing Matilda with me.
And he sang as he watched and waited till his billy boiled,
You'll come a-waltzing, Matilda, with me.**

Down came a jumbuck to drink at that billabong;
Up jumped the swagman and grabbed him with glee;
And he sang as he shoved that jumbuck in his tucker bag,
You'll come a-waltzing, Matilda, with me.

Up rode the squatter, mounted on his thoroughbred,
Down came the troopers, one, two, three;
Where's that jolly jumbuck you've got in your tucker bag?
You'll come a-waltzing, Matilda, with me.

Up jumped the swagman, sprang into the billabong;
You'll never catch me alive, said he.
And his ghost may be heard as you pass by that billabong,
You'll come a-waltzing, Matilda, with me.

soviet land

(Translated from the International Union of Students'
Song Book)

Soviet land, so dear to every toiler,
Peace and progress build their hopes on thee;
There's no other land the whole world over
Where man walks the earth so proud and free.
There's no other land the whole world over
Where man walks the earth so proud and free.

From great Moscow to the furthest border,
From our arctic seas to Samarkand,
Everywhere man proudly walks as master
Of his own unbounded fatherland.

Everywhere life courses freely, broadly,
As the Volga's ample waters flow;
To our youth now every door is open,
Everywhere our old with honor go.

solidarity forever

(Tune: "*John Brown's Body*")

When the Union's inspiration through the workers' blood shall
run,
There can be no power greater anywhere beneath the sun,
Yet what force on earth is weaker than the feeble strength of one?
But the Union makes us strong.

Solidarity forever!
Solidarity forever!
Solidarity forever!
For the Union makes us strong!

Is there aught we hold in common with the greedy parasite
Who would lash us into serfdom and would crush us with his
might?
Is there anything left for us but to organise and fight?
For the Union makes us strong.

It is we who ploughed the prairies, built the cities where they
trade;
Dug the mines and built the workshops, endless miles of railroad
laid.
Now we stand, outcast and starving, 'mid the wonders we have
made;
But the Union makes us strong.

All the world that's owned by idle drones is ours and ours alone;
We have laid the wide foundations, built it skyward stone by
stone.
It is ours, not to slave in, but to master and to own,
While the Union makes us strong.

They have taken untold millions that they never toiled to earn
But without our brain and muscle not a single wheel can turn,
We can break their haughty power, gain our freedom when we
learn
That the Union makes us strong.

In our hands is placed a power greater than their hoarded gold,
Greater than the might of armies, magnified a thousandfold;
We can bring to birth the new world from the ashes of the old,
For the Union makes us strong.

the red flag

The people's flag is deepest red,
It shrouded oft our martyred dead,
And ere their limbs grew stiff and cold
Their life's blood dyed its every fold.

**Then raise the scarlet standard high!
Within its shade we'll live or die!
Though cowards flinch and traitors sneer,
We'll keep the red flag flying here.**

It waved about our infant might,
When all ahead seemed dark as night;
It witnessed many a deed and vow,
We must not change its colour now.

It well recalls the triumphs past,
It gives the hope of peace at last;
The banner bright, the symbol plain
Of human right and human gain.

With heads uncovered, swear we all
To bear it onward till we fall;
Come dungeon dark or gallows grim,
This song shall be our parting hymn.

praise, my soul the king of heaven

(Tune: "*Praise My Soul*")

Praise, my soul, the King of heaven;
To His feet thy tribute bring.
Ransomed, healed, restored, forgiven,
Who like me His praise should sing?

**Praise Him! Praise Him!
Praise the everlasting King!**

Praise Him for His grace and favour
To our fathers in distress;
Praise Him, still the same for ever,
Slow to chide, and swift to bless;

**Praise Him! Praise Him!
Glorious in His faithfulness.**

Father-like He tends and spares us;
Well our feeble frame He knows;
In His hands He gently bears us,
Rescues us from all our foes;

Praise Him! Praise Him!
Widely as His mercy flows.

Angels, help us to adore Him;
Ye behold Him face to face;
Sun and moon, bow down before Him,
Dwellers all in time and space:

Praise Him! Praise Him!
Praise with us the God of grace!

la marseillaise

Allons, enfants de la patrie,
Le jour de gloire est arrivé!
Contre nous de la tyrannie
L'étandard sanglant est levé!
L'étandard sanglant est levé!
Entendez-vous dans les campagnes
Mugir ces féroces soldats?
Ils viennent, jusque dans nos bras
Egorger nos fils, et nos compagnes!

Aux armes, citoyens! Formez vos bataillons,
Marchons, marchons!
Qu'un sang impur abreuve nos sillons!

Amour sacré de la patrie,
Conduis, soutiens nos bras vengeurs;
Liberté, liberté, chérie,
Combats avec tes défenseurs!
Combats avec tes défenseurs!
Sous nos drapeaux que la victoire
Accoure à tes mâles accents:
Que tes ennemis expirants
Voient ton triomphe et notre gloire!

there'll always be an england

There'll always be an England,
While there's a country lane,
Wherever there's a cottage small,
Beside a field of grain.
There'll always be an England,
While there's a busy street;
Wherever there's a turning wheel,
A million marching feet.

Red, white and blue,
What does it mean to you?
Surely you're proud, shout it aloud
Britons awake, the Empire too,
We can depend on you.
Freedom remains, these are the chains,
Nothing can break.
There'll always be an England,
And England shall be free,
If England means as much to you,
As England means to me.





we ain't gonna breed no more

(Tune: "*It Ain't Gonna Rain No More*")

The human race is finished,
The axe of doom now falls,
Irradiation hazards
Have got us by the throat.

**O, we ain't gonna breed no more, no more,
We ain't gonna breed no more;
The rays and beams have wrecked our genes,
So we ain't gonna breed no more.**

The Americans and the Russians,
And the bloomin' British, too,
Have dropped their flaming atom bombs
Just to prove who's who.

Prof. Townsend's big dilemma
Is how to make ends meet,
Because you see there'll no more be
The patter of little feet.

No more will Lance at dinners
Toast the ladies fair,
He's running short of liquor and
The labour wards are bare.

The gynae. boys are worried,
What's happened to their fees?
With no more procidentias
Or illegal D. and C's.

Prof. Rubbo's got a gambit,
If you can meet his rates,
He'll culture you some germ cells on
His horse-blood-agar plates.

The brothels of St. Kilda
Have all moved north of town,
They've set up shop in the labour wards
So The Women's won't close down.

the union is my shepherd

The Union is my shepherd, I shall not work,
It maketh me to lie down on the job.
It leadeth me beside the still factories,
It restoreth my insurance benefits.

“Yea though I walk through the valley of the shadow of
unemployment,
I will fear no recriminations, for the Union is with me.
Its restrictive practises and shop stewards comfort me.
It prepareth a works committee before me in the presence of my
employer.

It anointeth my hand with pay rises.
My bank balance runneth over.
Surely never-never payments and Union dues,
Shall follow me all the days of my life,
And I will dwell in a council flat for ever.”

This parody was written by the Rev. Norman Baldock who first published it in his parish magazine (he is the vicar in a small parish in the North of England) in early 1963. He explains that his present-day psalm might be considered semi-blasphemous but for the fact that it sums up so accurately the religion of so many people.

“People,” he wrote, “Seek holiness in a bottle of detergent, peace in a bottle of pills, and hope to discover heaven in a pound note.”

bob's your uncle

(Tune: “There’ll Always Be An England”)

There’ll always be a Menzies
While there’s a B.H.P.,
For they have drawn their dividends
Since 1883.

There’ll always be a Menzies
For nothing ever fails
So long as nothing happens to
The Bank of N.S.W.

There’ll always be a Menzies
While there’s a U.A.P.,
And all the proper people talk
Upon the A.B.C.

If we should lose our Menzies
Wherever should we be?
If Menzies means the same to you
As Menzies means to me.

merry minuet

They're rioting in Africa,
(Whistle)
They're starving in Spain,
(Whistle)
There's hurricanes in Florida,
(Whistle)
And Australia needs rain.

The whole world is festering,
With unhappy sores,
The French hate the Germans,
The Germans hate the Poles,
Italians hate Yugoslavs,
South Africans hate the Dutch,
And I don't like anybody very much.

But we can be tranquil,
And thankful and proud,
For Man's been endowed,
With a mushroom-shaped cloud,
And we know for certain,
That some lovely day,
Someone will set the spark off,
And we will all be blown away.

They're rioting in Africa,
(Whistle)
There's strife in Iran,
(Whistle)
What nature doesn't do to us,
(Whistle)
Will be done by our fellow man.

d.l.p. lament

(Tune: "*Twelve Days of Christmas*")

Seven days before election,
Thus spake the D.L.P.:

"We can win without a policy".
Six days before election,
Thus spake the D.L.P.:

"What did we say last time?
We can win without a policy".
Five days before election,
Thus spake the D.L.P.:

"We can always ad lib,
"What did we say last time?
We can win without a policy".
Four days — — — —,

Introduce red herrings, etc.
Three days — — — —,

"What price are we Askin?" etc.
Two days — — — —,

"We'll trade our preferentials" etc.
One day — — — —,

"Don't mention unemployment" etc.
On the day after election,
Thus spake the D.L.P.:
"We demand a re-count".

the leader of the l.c.p.

(Tune: "*Captain's Song*" from *H.M.S. Pinafore*)

I am the leader of the L.C.P.,
And a right good leader too,
I am very very good, be it understood
I command a right good crew.
I can keep a jump ahead of the Labors and the Reds
By the help of D.L.P.
And I'm never known to stray,
From a cricket match away
And I never never risk a blue
What never?
No never!
Well . . . hardly ever.
He hardly ever makes a blue,
So — give three cheers and shout and sing
And join the chorus to the handsome Ming
Give three cheers and shout and sing for
The handsome handsome Ming.

harry pollitt

(Harry Pollitt was once Secretary of the Communist Party of Britain.)

Harry was a Bolshie
One of Lenin's lads
Till he was finally done to death
By counter-revolutionary cads.

Yes, by counter-revolutionary cads,
Yes, by counter-revolutionary cads,
Till he was finally done to death
By counter-revolutionary cads.

That's O.K. said Harry,
My spirit will not die.
I'll go and do some Party work
In the land beyond the sky.

In the land beyond the sky, etc.

He floated up to Peter,
The keeper of the keys.
I'd like to speak to Comrade God,
It's Harry Pollitt, please.

"That's very well," said Peter,
"Are you humble and contrite?"
"I'm a friend of Lady Astor."
"That's O.K., then. You're all right."

They put him with the angels
Put a harp in his hand
And he played the "Internationale"
In the hallelujah band.

They put him in the choir,
The hymns he did not like,
So he organised the angels
And he brought them out on strike.

One day when God was walking
In heaven to meditate,
Whom should He see but Harry
Chalking slogans on the gate.

They brought him up for trial
Before the Holy Ghost
For spreading disaffection
Among the Heavenly Host.

The verdict it was guilty,
Loud did the anthems swell,
So he tucked his nightie round his knees
And he floated down to Hell.

Now seven long years have passed
And Harry's doing swell,
He's just got all the little devils
To join the E.Y.L.

Seven more years have passed,
Harry's still doing swell,
He's just been made first commissar,
Of Soviet Socialist Hell.

The moral of this story is,
As you can easily tell,
If you want to be a communist,
You can go to bloody hell.

hooker-rex

(Calypso)

**Everywhere we look we see "Hooker-Rex",
Wonder where it's going to pop up next;
Maybe some day we're gonna live to see
It inscribed on the back of our currency.**

Been a lot of talk and controversy
About immigration policy;
But there's lots of land and plenty more still,
If someone doesn't have it L. J. Hooker will.

Often thought a better name would be
"Green Belt Hooker Proprietary";
But "Hooker Australia" is alright, I guess,
Till they try to use that apostrophe "S".

Yanks and the Russians racing to the moon,
Spaceship and rocket and barrage balloon;
When they got there a sign said, "Too late,
All the damn place is now a Hooker estate."

the one-eyed rylah

Sitting outside Old Rylah's store
Adding fluoride to his water,
Suddenly the thought came into my head,
Why not corrupt his teen-age daughter?

Tiddley-ay-ay! Tiddley-ay-oh!
Hip Hooray! for the one-eyed Rylah!
Rub-a-dub-dub, books and all,
Hey zig-a-zig, Trey Bong!

So I took that sweet girl by the hand,
And off to the library I did lead her;
Dropped **Lady Chatterley** into her lap
With the **Bible, Hansard** and **Lolita**.

But no hot blushes stained her cheek—
She just laughed as she turned the pages.
“Get with it, Dad,” was all she said.
“It’s all old stuff to us teen-agers!”

“If you’re the one-eyed Rylah’s daughter
Books **can’t** give you satisfaction—
Practical work is what I need:
So come on, Dad, make with the action!”

But I heard a siren in the street—
It was Rylah to the rescue speeding.
“Don’t panic!” the young girl said, “we’re sweet
So long as he doesn’t catch us reading!”

So I grabbed old Rylah by the ears,
And booted him in his **God’s Little Acre**,
And said, as I kicked him down the stairs,
“When I’ve finished the chapter, you can take her!”

Now this is the moral to my tale,
That you can lead a horse to water,
You can even lead a whore to culture,
But you can't corrupt a teenage daughter.

Tiddley-ay-ay! Tiddley-ay-oh!
Hip Hooray! for the one-eyed Rylah!
Rub-a-dub-dub, books and all,
Hey zig-a-zig, Trey Bong!

the bomb



In an anarchist's garret, so lowly and so mean
Oh, smell the pungent odor of nitro-glycerine.
They're busy making fuses, and filling cans with nails
And the little Slavic children set up this mournful wail.
Oh, it's Sister Jenny's turn to throw the bomb;
The last one it was thrown by Brother Thom.
Poor Mama's aim is bad and the Copskys all know Dad,
So it's Sister Jenny's turn to throw the bomb.

Sister Jenny took the bomb and started off.
"Oh, mind you know," said Mama, "to blow up Templehof."
And so the party waited, while the dawn turned into day,
And the little Slavic children set up this mournful lay
Oh, it's Brother Ivanovitch's turn to throw the bomb.
Sister Jenny's gone the way of Brother Thom;
Poor Mama's aim is bad, and the Copsky's all know Dad,
So it's Brother Ivanovitch's turn to throw the bomb.

mit ein shilelagh under my arm

(Tune: "Admiral's Song" from *Pinafore* [G. & S.]
Peter Macinnis)

When I was a lad, I learned intrigue,
While serving with the Eureka League.
I buttered them down, I buttered them up;
Oh I was a most precocious pup.

**I buttered them so carefully
That now I am the ruler of the DLP.**

But red, red, red I remained not long,
For I felt their politics were wrong.
And they were wrong, for don't you see
'They gave no thought to rewarding me.

**So then I set myself so free
That now I am the ruler of the DLP.**

So then I joined with dear old Labour,
Which is Communism's nearest neighbour.
I swung to the right, I swung to the left,
And then there came the fearful Grouper's cleft.

**That fearful cleft so affected me,
That now I am the ruler of the DLP.**

Though Evatt said "What a loss you are,"
I joined up then with Mr. Joshua.
I stuck to my guns and never went to see
The protestations of the CND.

**I stuck to my guns so definitely
That now I am the ruler of the DLP.**

Now since that day I've often sent
My preference Liberals to Parliament.
And I'll confess since all will out,
My greatest joy is keeping Calwell out.

**I've kept him out with much great glee,
For now I am the ruler of the DLP.**

Now all you lads, wherever you be,
If you want to rise to the top of the tree,
Take this advice, given warm and hearty,
Never ever be too loyal to your party.

**For if you are, well don't you see,
You'll never be the ruler of the DLP?**

a christmas carol

(Tune: "*Good King Wencelas*")

J. F. Kennedy looked out,
Found the view attractive,
All the fall-out lay about,
Deep and radio-active.
Brightly burned Berlin that night
Witness to our freedom,
When Nick Khrushchev came in sight
Carrying a C-bomb.

"Jack," said he, "I think that soon
We'll resume our testing.
Since that A-bomb on the moon,
We've been almost resting.
Atmospheric ours will be,
Not these undergrounders.
I just love to hear the clicks
From the Geiger counters."

"Thank you, Nick," said JFK,
"For the information.
Solves our problem, as you say,
Over-population.
Numbers it will quickly drop,"
Said he with emotion.
"Almost what you'd call a pop-
Ulation explosion."

"Well," said Jack, "it's up to me,
I'll start testing, too, now.
That will give the A.E.C.
Something they can do now.
We've got a 20 megaton
If you should attack us."
"Oh," said Khrush, "it must be fun
Playing with your crackers."

(Slowly and straight)
Ever since then Jack and Nick
Have their H-bombs all out
Playing at their favourite trick,
Who can make most fall-out.
There's a moral you can tell
To your sons and daughters,
But 'til then we wish you well
And happy rigor mortis.

every little movement

(Tune: "Waltzing Matilda")

Once a learned Doctor squatted down in Canberra,
He was the chief of the A.L.P.
And he sang as he watched and waited till election time,
Labour must have solidarity.

**Santamaria, Santamaria,
Keon and Mullens are all up a tree,
And he sang as he watched and waited till election time,
Labour must have solidarity.**

Philip and Owen, Windeyer and Ligertwood,
They could not see the conspiracy,
And he sang as he screamed as Mrs. Petrov in the witnessbox,
Labour must have solidarity.

**Santamaria, Santamaria,
Keon and Mullens disloyal to me,
And he sang, etc.**

Up rode the journalists mounted on their hobby horse,
Up rode the groupers, one, two, three.
And they sang in that crude little propagandist magazine,
Labour must have solidarity.

**Santamaria, Santamaria,
Keon and Mullens and Bourke make three,
And they, etc.**

Now Keon and Bourke and Mullens are in Canberra,
In the anti-Communist A.L.P.,
And they hide behind the skirts of their leader, Mr. Joshua.
Labour has **lost** solidarity.

**Santamaria, Santamaria,
Keon and Mullens with Liberals agree,
And they hide, etc.**

Now that learned Doctor sits down in Sydney town,
Chief of the New South Wales Judiciary,
And he sings as he looks around to Mister Justice Owens,
I owe it all to the A.L.P.

**Santamaria, Santamaria,
Keon and Mullens have all disappeared,
And he sings, etc.**

april 27th, 1961

(U.N.S.W. Revue, 1961)

When the old colonials sailed away,
Things were not like they are today.
Since the colonial powers went,
We've got gifts that are heaven sent.

**We get independence, nationalism, and liberty for all,
Independence, nationalism and liberty for all.**

The government is pretty bad,
The twenty-seventh that we've had.
We chopped off the other twenty-six like chaff,
And all this happened in a year and a half!

We got foreign aid from the Unions,
Of socialistic red Russians.
They sent us a hundred tanks,
We repaid them with a big vote of thanks.

We got foreign aid from America,
They sent us lovely Cadillac car,
Cadillac car is good for loads,
Unfortunately we don't get no roads.

The experts came to build us schools,
They think we a nation of bloody fools,
But we think that all their schools are lousy!
We use them for to play housie-housie!

The old colonials have sailed away,
Another one has come to stay,
So make up your minds without delay,
Are we subjects of Russia or the U.S.A.?

the song of the rsl

(Tune: "*Advance Australia Fair*")

Australia's sons let us rejoice
For we are young and white
The yellow hordes may get us soon
But we are in the right.
The white man's burdens never cease
We bear them night and day
Until the Asian hordes increase
And everybody's grey.

**Of mingled strains let others sing
But keep Australia fair.**

Though other races interbreed
We'll toil with heart and hand
To keep our island continent
A white and open land.
Our natives have their settlements
Our neighbours are all Asian
We'll sing and dance and wave our flags
Because we are caucasian.

**Of mingled strains let others sing
But keep Australia fair.**

Though other states desegregate
Our gallant lads ensure
That through our British ancestry
Our heritage is pure.
The negroid races may prevail
But still Australians stand
United to this common end
A white and pleasant land.

**Of mingled strains let others sing
But keep Australia fair.**

absolutely "bugger" all

This is your very last warning!
This is your very last chance!
Get away from here before the cops come flocking
And you still may find Lolita in your Christmas stocking.
Don't kiss your mother in public,
Never drink beer at a ball,
And you still may walk home free to do
Absolutely "bugger" all,
Yes,
Absolutely "bugger" all.

Don't read poetry in public,
Don't admit you've tasted wine,
Don't enter the South without a tie on.
Don't wear bikinis, even for a try-on;
Say sir to all policemen,
Pride comes before a fall,
And repeat when they ask what you've been doing
"Absolutely 'bugger' all,
Sir,
Absolutely 'bugger' all."

Don't ever drink at the George;
Always be home by six.
Don't go to leg shows at the Tiv.
In short, do anything else but live.
Don't try to take SP bets,
Or tickets in Tattersall,
'Cause if you win what would they give you?
Absolutely "bugger" all,
Cash,
Absolutely "bugger" all.

Don't write letters to the papers,
Only vote L.C.L.
Don't say a word worse than infernal;
Don't write "Menzie's" in the Martin Place urinal.
Never miss Church on Sundays,
And, though it is sure to pall,
Do just as members of the Government do,
Absolutely "bugger" all,
Yes,
Absolutely "bugger" all.

sausage wrap serenade

What shall we put in the Daily Paper,
What shall we put in the Daily Paper,
What shall we put in the Daily Paper,
Early in the morning?

Workers on the dole who guzzle,
Communists who need a muzzle,
Winners of a crossword puzzle,
Early in the morning.

Suicide of a linen draper,
Duchess poisoned by noxious vapour,
Lady of eighty chasen by a raper,
Early in the morning.

Awful international crisis,
Idiot reader wins three prizes,
See how the general public rises,
Early in the morning.

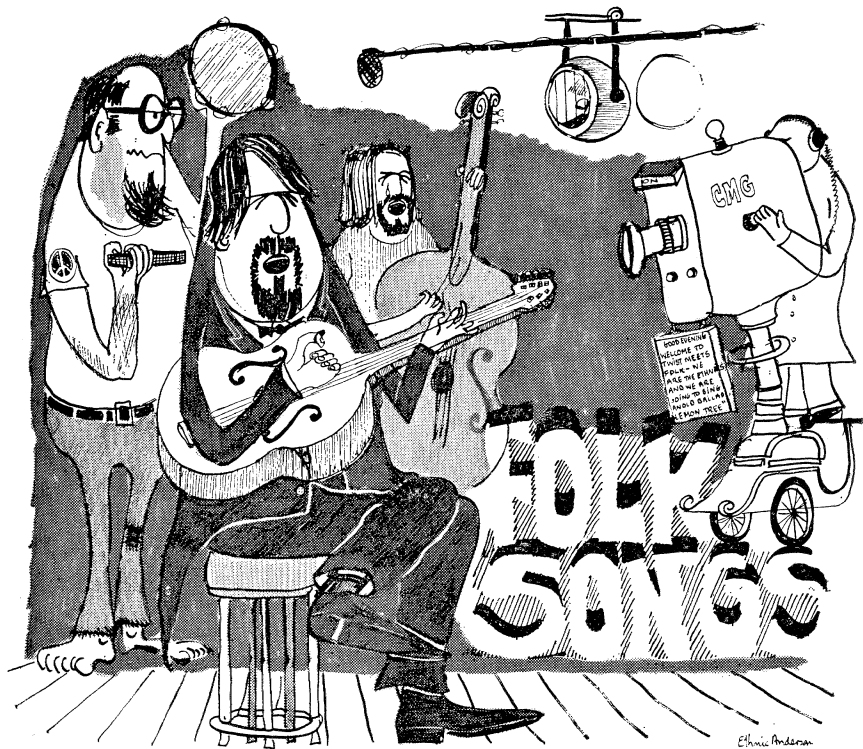
Shove it all down in the Daily Paper;
Cabinet Minister cuts a caper,
Architect felled by his own skyscraper,
Early in the morning.

Some of it's truth and some of it's lying,
What's the odds if the public's buying,
Editors never leave off trying,
Early in the morning.

a wand'ring minister i

(Tune: "*A Wandering Minstrel I*" from *Mikado*)

A wand'ring Minister I,
In charge of immigration
To populate the nation
I wander far and wide
Of men we have a lot
But hardly any spouses
And so into these houses
I ply my sordid trade
That's why you find me here.
'Tis in the name of duty
To seek out all this beauty
And bring it back with me.



Ethnic Anderson

vilikens and his dinah

(Tune: "Tim Doolan Didn't Know That His Father Was Dead")

It is of a rich merchant I am going to tell,
Who had for a daughter an unkimmon nice gal,
Her name it was Dinah, just sixteen years old,
With a very large fortin in silver and gold.
Singing, Toorali, toorali, toorali-ay.

Now, as Dinah was walking in the garding one day,
The father comed up to her and thus to her did say:
"Go dress yourself, Dinah, in gorgeous array
And I'll bring you home a husiband both galliant and gay."
Singing, Toorali, toorali, toorali-ay.

"O father, dear father," the daughter she said,
"I don't feel inclined to be marri-i-ed;
And all my large fortin I'll gladly give o'er,
If you'll let me live single a year or two more."
Singing, Toorali, toorali, toorali-ay.

"Go, go! boldest daughter," the parient he cried,
"If you don't feel inclined to be this young man's bride,
I'll give your large fortin to the nearest of kin,
And you shan't reap the benefit of not one single pin!"
Singing, Toorali, toorali, toorali-ay.

Now as Vilikens was walking the garding all round
He spied his dear Dinah laying dead upon the ground,
And a cup of cold pison all down by her side,
With a billet-dow which said as how 'twas by pison she died.
Singing, Toorali, toorali, toorali-ay.

Then he kissed her cold corpus a thousand times o'er
And called her his dear Dinah, though she was no more,
Then he swallowed up the pison, and sung a short stave,
And Vilikens and his Dinah were laid in one grave.
Singing, Toorali, toorali, toorali-ay.

(Spoken: *And now for the moral of this shocking tragedy!*)

Now all you young men, don't you thus fall in love, nor
Do that not by no means disliked by your gov'nor;
And, all you young maidens, mind who you claps your eyes on,
Think of Vilikens and his Dinah, not forgetting the pison.
Singing, Toorali, toorali, toorali-ay.

(*A moral song of the early Victorian era. To be sung with
a whining Cockney dialect.*)

the greenland whale fishery

'Twas in eighteen hundred and fifty-three
And of June the thirteenth day,
That our gallant ship her anchor weighed,
And for Greenland bore away, brave boys,
And for Greenland bore away.

The lookout in the crosstrees stood,
With his spyglass in his hand.
"There's a whale, there's a whale, there's a whalefish," he cried,
"And she blows at every span, brave boys,
And she blows at every span."

The captain stood on the quarter-deck,
And a fine little man was he.
"Overhaul! Overhaul! Let your davit-tackles fall,
And launch your boats for sea, brave boys,
And launch your boats for sea."

Now the boats were launched and the men aboard,
And the whale was in full view;
Resolv-ed was each seaman bold
To steer where the whalefish blew, brave boys,
To steer where the whalefish blew.

We struck that whale, the line paid out,
But she gave a flourish with her tail;
The boat capsized and four men were drowned,
And we never caught that whale, brave boys,
And we never caught that whale.

"To lose the whale," our captain said,
"It grieves my heart full sore;
But oh! to lose four gallant men,
It grieves me ten times more, brave boys,
It grieves me ten times more.

"The winter star doth now appear,
So, boys, we'll anchor weigh;
It's time to leave this cold country,
And homeward bear away, brave boys,
And homeward bear away."

Oh, Greenland is a dreadful place,
A land that's never green,
Where there's ice and snow, and the whalefishes blow,
And the daylight's seldom seen, brave boys,
And the daylight's seldom seen.

the lemon tree

**Lemon tree very pretty,
And the lemon flower is sweet,
But the fruit of the poor lemon
Is impossible to eat. (twice)**

When I was just a boy of ten,
My father said to me,
"Come here and take a lesson
From the lovely lemon tree.
Don't put your faith in love, my boy,"
My father said to me,
"For you will find that love is like
The lovely lemon tree."

One day beneath the lemon tree,
My love and I did lie,
A girl so sweet that when she smiled,
The stars shone in the sky.
We spent the summer lost in love,
Beneath the lemon tree.
The music of her laughter
Hid my father's words from me.

When she left me without a word
She took away the sun,
And in the dark space she had left,
I knew what she had done.
She left me for another,
It's a common tale but true,
A sadder man, but wiser now,
I sing this song to you.

silver threads among the gold

In the 70's, Hart P. Danks bought a batch of poems by Eben Rexford, the editor of a Wisconsin farm magazine, for three dollars each. One of these was "Silver Threads Among the Gold". Moved by the sentiment of the poem, Danks wrote a melody for it; this is sentimental, too, with a haunting wistfulness which endears it to around-the-piano singers now as it did two generations ago.

Darling, I am growing old,
Silver threads among the gold
Shine upon my brow today;
Life is fading fast away;
But, my darling, you will be, will be
Always young and fair to me;
Yes, my darling, you will be
Always young and fair to me.

**Darling, I am growing old,
Silver threads among the gold,
Shine upon my brow today;
Life is fading fast away.**

When your hair is silver white,
And your cheeks no longer bright,
With the roses of the May,
I will kiss your lips and say:
Oh! my darling, mine alone, alone,
You have never older grown;
Yes, my darling, mine alone,
You have never older grown.

Love can never more grow old;
Locks may lose their brown and gold,
Cheeks may fade and hollow grow,
But the hearts that love will know
Never, never, winter's frost and chill;
Summer warmth is in them still;
Never winter's frost and chill;
Summer warmth is in them still.

Love is always young and fair;
What to us is silver hair,
Faded cheeks or steps grown slow,
To the heart that beats below?
Since I kissed you, mine alone, alone,
You have never older grown;
Since I kissed you, mine alone,
You have never older grown.

greensleeves

Alas, my love, you do me wrong
To cast me off discourteously;
And I have loved you so long
Delighting in your company.

**Greensleeves was all my joy,
Greensleeves was my delight;
Greensleeves was my heart of gold,
And who but my lady Greensleeves?**

If you intend thus to disdain,
It does the more enrapture me,
And even so, I still remain
A lover in captivity.

Alas, my love, that you should own
A heart of wanton vanity,
So must I meditate alone
Upon your insincerity.

Ah, Greensleeves, now farewell, adieu,
To God I pray to prosper thee,
For I am still thy lover true,
Come once again and love me.

the ash grove

(Tune: "*One Black One, One White One*," etc.)

Down yonder green valley where streamlets meander,
When twilight is fading I pensively rove,
Or at the bright noontide in solitude wander
Amid the dark shades of the lonely Ash Grove.

'Twas there, while the blackbird was cheerfully singing,
I first met that dear one, the joy of my heart.
Around us for gladness the bluebells were springing,
Ah! then little thought I how soon we should part.

Still glows the bright sunshine o'er valley and mountain,
Still warbles the blackbird its note from the tree,
Still trembles the moonbeam streamlet and fountain,
But what are the beauties of nature to me?

With sorrow, deep sorrow, my bosom is laden,
All day I go mourning in search of my love.
Ye echoes, oh! tell me, where is the sweet maiden?
She sleeps 'neath the green turf down by the Ash Grove.

shenandoah

O Shenandoah, I long to hear you.
Away, you rolling river,
O Shenandoah, I long to hear you.
Away, I'm bound to go,
'Cross the wide Missouri.

O Shenandoah, I love your daughter,
For her I've crossed the rolling water.

'Tis seven long years since last I saw thee,
'Tis seven long years since last I saw thee.

Seven long years I courted Sally,
Seven more I longed to have her.

O Shenandoah, I took a notion,
To sail across the stormy ocean.

Farewell, my dear, I'm bound to leave you,
O Shenandoah, I'll not deceive you.

O Shenandoah, I long to hear you.
O Shenandoah, I long to hear you.

jamaica farewell

Down the way where the nights are gay,
And the sun shines daily on the mountain top,
I took a trip on a sailing ship
And when I reached Jamaica I made a stop.

**And I'm sad to say, I'm on my way,
Won't be back for many a day,
My heart is down. My head is turning around.
I had to leave a little girl in Kingston Town.**

Sounds of laughter everywhere
And the dancing girls swing to and fro,
I must declare, "My heart is there,
'Though I've been from Maine to Mexico."

Down at the market you can hear
Ladies cry out while on their heads they bear
Haki, rice, salt fish are nice,
And the rum is fine any time of the year.

Repeat the first verse.

silver dagger

Don't sing love's songs, you'll wake my mother,
She's sleeping here right by my side;
And in her right hand, a silver dagger,
She says that I can't be your bride.

"All men are false," says my mother,
"They'll tell you wicked, loving lies:
The very next evening, they'll court another,
And leave you alone, to pine and sigh."

My daddy was a handsome devil,
He had a chain five miles long;
On every link a heart was dangling
Of another girl he'd loved and wronged.

Go court another pretty maiden,
And see if she can be your wife;
For I've been warned and I've decided
To sleep alone all of my life.

To the North of old Darjeeling
 There's a quiet little town
 Where the lamas live up mountains
 And the yaks come tumbling down.
 It's a golden Lhasa,
 Just a minaret or two,
 And a great big neon sign that says
 Lhasa welcomes you.

(Spoken: in Tibetan)

Is there lights, is there dancing
 Is there lanterns on that mansion
 On the top
 Of the world
 Tonight?
 Is mad hussars in Lhasa
 Stripping stardust, from the Plaza
 Where the Mardi Gras Bazaars are,
 On the top of the world tonight?

On the roof of the Potala
 There's a little bo-tree grows,
 But it means the whole wide world to me,
 My wild Tibetan rose.
 There's a little living Buddha
 To the west of Khatmandu
 And he makes the earth Nirvana
 With the way he smiles at you.

(Spoken: In the darkness)

Is it ice-cube growing weather
 Do the snowmen stick together
 On the top of the world tonight?
 Lhasa one doesn't answer,
 Lhasa one doesn't answer,
 Lhasa one doesn't answer.

Is there poison in the fountains,
 Is there Chinese round the mountains
 On the top of the world tonight.
 Top lamas in pyjamas
 Are they going to the wall?
 Will the children spy on father
 Till the Himalayas fall?
 There's half the Chinese army
 Going round collecting tax,
 While the other half's relaxing
 Painting numbers on the yaks.

(Spoken: in Chinese yet!)

Is there death and destruction
Is there Chinese reconstruction,
On the top of the world tonight.
Do the millions die of hunger.
Are they fattening the vultures
On the Kanchenjunga
At the meeting of two cultures
On the top
At the peak
On the roof
Of the world — Tonight!

foggy foggy dew

Once I was a bachelor, I lived all alone,
I worked at the weaver's trade;
And the only, only thing that I ever did wrong
Was to woo a fair young maid.
I wooed her in the winter time and in the summer, too,
And the only thing that I ever did wrong
Was to keep her from the foggy foggy dew.

One night she came to my bedside
When I lay fast asleep,
She laid her head upon my bed and she began to weep,
She sighed, she cried, she damn near died.
Ah, me! What could I do?
So I pulled her into bed and I covered up her head,
Just to keep her from the foggy foggy dew.

Now I am a bachelor, I live with my son,
We work at the weaver's trade;
And every, every time that I look into his eyes
He reminds me of the fair young maid.
He reminds me of the winter time and of the summer, too,
And the many, many times that I held her in my arms,
Just to keep her from the foggy foggy dew.

sammy hall

Oh my name is Sammy Hall, Sammy Hall, Sammy Hall,
Oh my name is Sammy Hall, and I hate you one and all,
You're a bunch of muckers all, damn your eyes and blast your
soul.

Oh I killed a man 'tis said, so 'tis said, so 'tis said,
Oh I killed a man 'tis said, for I filled him full of lead,
And I left him there for dead, damn his eyes and blast his soul.

Oh they took me to the quod, to the quod, to the quod,
Oh they took me to the quod, and they left me there by God,
With a ball and chain and rod, damn their eyes and blast their
souls.

Oh the preacher he did come, he did come, he did come,
Oh the preacher he did come, and he looked so goddam glum,
As he talked of Kingdom Come, damn his eyes and blast his soul.

Oh the sheriff he came too, he came too, he came too,
Oh the sheriff he came too, with his little boys in blue,
And I hope they sizzle too, damn their eyes and blast their souls.

To the gallows I must go, I must go, I must go,
To the gallows I must go, with my friends all down below,
Sayin', "Sam, I told ya so," damn their eyes and blast their souls.

I saw Nellie in the crowd, in the crowd, in the crowd,
I saw Nellie in the crowd, hope to see her in a shroud,
I yelled "Nellie, ain't ya proud?" damn her eyes and blast her
soul.

Let this be my parting knell, parting knell, parting knell,
Let this be my parting knell, I will see you all in Hell,
Hope to Hell you sizzle well, damn your eyes and blast your
souls.

my jolly brave tars

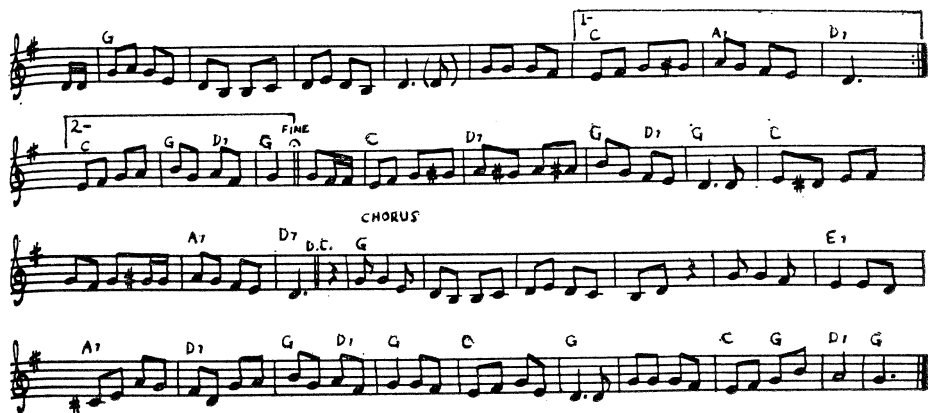
Now ships may come and ships may go,
As long as the sea does roam,
Each sailor lad,
Likewise his dad,
He loves that flowing foam.
Alas, the shore he does adore,
One that is plump and round.
When your money is gone,
It's the same old song—
Get up, Jack: John, sit down.

**Come along, come along,
My jolly brave tars,
There's lots of grog in the jar,
We'll plough the briny ocean,
With them jolly roving tars.**

Now when Jack's ashore he beats his way
To some boarding-house;
He's welcomed in with rum and gin,
Likewise with pork and souse;
He'll spend and he'll spend,
And he'll never bend.
'Til he lies drunk on the ground.
But when his money is gone,
It's the same old song—
Get up, Jack: John, sit down.

Now when Jack is old and weatherbeat,
Too old for to knock about,
In some grog shop they'll let him stop
'Til eight bells he's turned out.
Then he'll sigh and he'll sigh,
Right up to the sky,
"O'Lawd, I'm homeward bound,
For when your money is gone
It's the same old song—
Get up, Jack: John, sit down."

who threw the overalls in mistress
murphy's chowder?



Mistress Murphy gave a party just about a week ago,
Everything was plentiful, the Murphys, they're not slow.
They treated us like gentlemen; we tried to act the same,
And only for what happened, well it was an awful shame.
When Mrs. Murphy dished the chowder out she fainted on the
spot;
She found a pair of overalls at the bottom of the pot.
Tim Nolan he got ripping mad, his eyes were bulging out,
He jumped upon the piano and loudly he did shout.

**Who threw the overalls in Mistress Murphy's chowder?
Nobody spoke so he shouted all the louder.
It's an Irish trick that's true, I can lick the mick that threw
The overalls in Mistress Murphy's chowder.**

They dragged the pants from out of the soup and laid them on
the floor;
Each man swore upon his life, he'd ne'er seen them before.
They were plastered up with mortar and were worn out at the
knee,
They had their many ups and down as we could plainly see.
And when Mrs. Murphy she came to she 'gan to cry and pout,
She had them in the wash that day and forgot to take them out.
Tim Nolan, he excused himself for what he said that night,
So we put music to the words and sang with all our might.

the bonnie boy

The grass is growing high my love, the grass is growing green,
And many are the bitter nights that I alone have seen,
For it is a cruel and bitter night that I must lie alone.
Oh the bonnie boy is young but he's growing.

Oh father, dear father, I think you did me wrong,
To go and get me married to one that is so young,
For he has only sixteen years and I have twenty-one.
Oh the bonnie boy is young though he's growing.

Oh daughter, dear daughter, I did not do you wrong,
To go and get your married to one that is so young,
For he will be a match for you when I am dead and gone.
Oh the bonnie boy is young, but he's growing.

Oh father, dear father, I'll tell you what I'll do,
I'll send him back to college for another year or two,
And all around his college cap I'll bind a ribbon blue,
To let the ladies know that he's married.

A year it did go by and then I passed the college wall,
I saw the young collegians a-playing at the ball,
I saw my love amongst them, the fairest of them all.
Oh the bonnie boy was young but still growing.

At the age of sixteen years he was a married man,
And at the age of seventeen the father of a son,
And at the age of eighteen o'er his grave the grass grows green.
Cruel death has put an end to his growing.

I'll weave my love a shroud of the ornamental brown,
And as I am a-weaving it the tears they will run down,
Tis I have had a true love and now he's lain down,
But I'll nurse his bonnie son while he's growing.

O fare you well, my own true love,
O fare you well, my dear,
Our ship is a-sailing and the wind blows high
And I am bound away to the sea, Marianne.

Ten thousand miles away from home,
Ten thousand miles abroad,
But the earth will freeze and the sea will burn
If I never no more return to you, Marianne.

A lobster boiling in the pot,
A bluefish on the hook,
You've a suffering heart, but it's nothing to
The ache I bear for you, my dear, Marianne.

Oh, had I but a flask of gin
And sugar here for two
And a great big bowl for to mix it in,
I'd pour a drink for you, my dear, Marianne.

O fare you well, my own true love,
O fare you well, my dear;
Our ship is a-sailing and the wind blows high
And I am bound away to the sea, Marianne.

if i should plant a tiny seed of love

(in the garden of your heart)

Busy little honey bees are buzzing to and fro,
Humming in the summer air,
Gathering the honey and the little drops of dew
That lay within the blossoms fair.
A youth and a maid thro' the garden strayed,
And the youth seemed out of sorts,
So the maid with a smile, just to tease him, said,
"I'll give a penny for your thoughts."
"I was wondering," said he . . .

**"If I should plant a tiny seed of love
In the garden of your heart,
Would it grow to be a great big love some day
Or would it die and fade away,
Would you care for it and tend it ev'ry day,
Till the time when all must part
If I should plant a tiny seed of love
In the garden of your heart."**

mary hamilton

Word is to the kitchen gone,
And word is to the hall,
And word is up to Madam the Queen,
And that's the worst of all;

That Mary Hamilton's born a babe,
To the highest Stewart of all.
"Arise, arise, Mary Hamilton,
Arise, and tell to me,
What thou hast done with thy wee babe,
I saw and heard weep by thee?"

"I put him in a tiny boat,
And cast him out to sea,
That he might sink, or he might swim,
But he'd never come back to me."

"Arise, arise, Mary Hamilton,
Arise and come with me.
There is a wedding in Glasgow town,
This night we'll go and see."

She put not on her robes of black,
And nor her robes of brown,
But she put on her robes of white
To ride into Glasgow town.

And as they rode into Glasgow town,
The city for to see,
The bailiff's wife, and the provost's wife
Cried out, "But alas for thee!"

"Ah ye need not weep for me," she cried,
"Ye need not weep for me,
For had I not slain my own wee babe,
This death I would not dee."

"Oh little did my mother think,
When first she cradled me,
The lands I was to travel in,
And the death I was to dee."

"Last night I washed the Queen's feet,
And put gold in her hair,
And the only reward I find for this:
The gallows to be my share."

"Cast off, cast off my gown," she cried,
"But let my petticoat be,
And tie a napkin round my eyes,
The gallows I would not see."

Then by and come the King himself
Looked out with a pitiful ee',
"Come down, come down Mary Hamilton,
Tonight you will dine with me."

"Oh hold your tongue, my Sovereign Liege,
And let your folly be,
For if you'd a mind to save my life,
You'd never have shamed me he' (re)."

"Last night there were four Marys,
Tonight there'll be but three,
There was Marie Seton and Mary Beaton,
And Mary Carmichael, and me."

house of the rising sun

There is a house in New Orleans,
They call it the Rising Sun,
And it's been the ruin of many poor girls,
And me, oh God, for one!

If I had listened to what my mother said,
I'd have been at home today,
But I was young and foolish, oh God!
Let a rambler lead me astray.

Go tell my baby sister,
"Don't do what I have done,
Better shun that house in New Orleans,
They call the Rising Sun."

I'm going back to New Orleans,
My race is almost run,
I'm going back to end my life
Beneath that Rising Sun.

tying a knot in the devil's tail

Way up high in the Sierry peaks where the yellow pines grow tall
Sandy Bob and Buster Jiggs had a roundup camp last fall.

They took their horses and running irons and maybe a dog or two
They swore they'd brand every long-eared calf that came within
their view.

There was many a long-eared dogie that didn't hide out by day
Had his long ears whittled and his old hide scorched in a most
artistic way.

Then one fine day said Buster Jiggs as he throwed his cigo down
"I'm tired of cow-biology and I allow as I'm agoing to town."
So they saddles up and they hits it a lope for it weren't no sight
of a ride,

And them were the days when an old cowhand could oil up his
old inside.

They starts her out at Kentucky Bar at the head of the Whisky
Road

And winds her up at the Depot House some 40 drinks below.

Then they sets her up, and they turns around and they goes it the
other way

I'll tell you the Lord's forsaken truth them boys got drunk that
day.

When they was aheading back to camp packing a mighty good
load

Who should they meet but the devil himself come prancing down
the road.

And the Devil he said "You cowboy skunks, you'd better go hunt
you a hole,

For I come up from the hell's rimrocks to gather in your soul."

Says Buster Jiggs, "We's just in town, and feelin' kinda tight—
You ain't gonna get no cowboy's soul without one kind of a
fight."

And he punches a hole in his old throw rope and he slings it
straight and true:

He ropes the devil around the horns—he takes his dallies thru.
Old Sandy Bob was a riata man without his gut line coiled up
neat

But he shakes it out and he builds him a loop and he ropes the
Devil's hind feet.

They threw him down on the desert ground while the irons were
a-getting hot:
They cropped and swallow-forked his ears and branded him up
a lot.
They pruned him down with a de-horn saw, and knotted his tail
for a joke,
Rode off and left him bellowing there in a cloud of rimstone
smoke.
Now if you're ever up in the Sierry peaks and you hear an awful
wail
You'll know it's nothing but the devil himself raising hell about
the knots in his tail.

sylvia fair

Sylvia the fair at the age of Sixteen,
Felt an innocent warmth as she lay on the green.
She'd heard of a Pleasure and something she guessed
By the tousing and tumbling and touching her Breast
She saw the men eager, but was at a loss

**What they meant by their sighing and kissing so close.
By their praying and whyning and clasping and twyning
And panting and wishing and sighing and kissing
And sighing and kissing so close.**

Ah, she cried, Ah, for a languishing maid,
In a country of Christians to Die without aid.
Not a whig nor a tory nor triber at least,
A protestant parson or catholic priest
To instruct a poor virgin who is at a loss—

Cupid in shape of a swain did appear
He saw the sad wound and in pity drew near.
Then he showed her his arrow and bid her not fear,
For the pain was no more than a Maiden could bear.
When the Bomb was enfused, she was not at a loss—

put in all

A young man and his maid,
Put in all, put in all,
Together lately played
Put in all.

The young man was in jest—
The maid she did protest.
She bid him do his best,
Put in all, put in all.

With that her rolling eyes,
Put in all, put in all,
Turned upward to the skies
Put in all.

The young man was in heat—
The maid did soundly sweat.
A little farther get,
Put in all, put in all.

According to her will,
Put in all, put in all,
The young man tried his skill
Put in all.

But the proverb plain does tell—
That used them near so well.
For an inch did take an ell,
Put in all, put in all.

When they had ended Sport,
Put in all, put in all,
She found him all too short
Put in all.

For when he'd done his best—
The maid she did protest.
T'was nothing but a jest,
Put in all, put in all.

soldier, soldier won't you marry me?

"Now, soldier, soldier, won't you marry me?
For O the fife and drum."

"How can I marry such a pretty girl as you
When I've got no hat to put on?"

Off to the hat shop she did go
As hard as she could run;
Got him a hat and all fine things:
"Now, soldier, put them on.

"Now, soldier, soldier, won't you marry me?
For O the fife and drum."

"How can I marry such a pretty girl as you
When I've got no coat to put on?"

Off to the tailor she did go
As hard as she could run;
Got him a coat and all fine things:
"Now, soldier, put them on.

"Now, soldier, soldier, won't you marry me?
For O the fife and drum."

"How can I marry such a pretty girl as you
When I've got no shoes to put on?"

Off to the shoe shop she did go
As hard as she could run;
Got him some shoes and all fine things:
"Now, soldier, put them on.

"Now, soldier, soldier, won't you marry me?
For O the fife and drum."

"How can I marry such a pretty girl as you
And a wife and a baby at home?"

two maidens went milking one day

Two maids went a milking one day
Two maids went a milking one day
And the wind it did blow high
And the wind it did blow low,
And it tossed their pails to and fro,
la, la, la
And it tossed their pails to and fro.

They met with a man they did know
They met with a man they did know
And they said "Have you the will?"
And they said "Have you the skill
For to catch us a small bird or two
la, la, la
For to catch us a small bird or two?"

Here's a health to the blackbird in the bush
Likewise to the merry, merry doe.
If you will come along with me
Under yonder flowering tree,
I might catch you a small bird or two
la, la, la
I might catch you a small bird or two.

So they went and they sat 'neath a tree.
They went and they sat 'neath two.
And the birds flew 'round about,
Pretty birds flew in and out,
And he caught them by one and by two
la, la, la
And he caught them by one and by two.

Now my boys, let us drink down the sun
My boys, let us drink down the moon.
Take your lady to the wood,
If you really think you should,
You might catch her a small bird
la, la, la
You might catch her a small bird or two.

the lusty young smith

A lusty young smith at his vice stood a'filing,
His hammer lay by, and his forge stood aglow,
When to him a buxom young damsel came smiling
To ask if to work at her forge he would go.

**With a jingle-bang jingle-bang jingle bang jingle
With a jingle-bang jingle-bang jingle high ho!**

"I will" quoth the smith, and they went off together
Along to the young damsel's forge they did go,
They stript to go to it, 'twas hot work and hot weather
She kindled a fire and she soon made him glow.

Her husband, she said, no good work could afford her:
His strength and his tools were worn out long ago—
The smith said, "Well mine are in very good order,
And now I am ready my skill for to show."

Red hot grew his iron as both did desire
And he was too wise not to strike while 'twas so,
Quoth she: "What I get I get out of the fire,
So, prithee strike home and redouble the blow!"

Six times did his iron by vigorous heating
Grow soft in the forge in a minute or so,
And oft it was hardened still beating and beating,
But the more it was softened it hardened more slow.

The smith then would go, quoth the dame full of sorrow
"Oh, what would I give could my husband do so,
Good lad with your hammer come hither tomorrow—
But pray won't you use it once more ere you go."

blood on the saddle

There was blood on the saddle
Blood all around
And a great big puddle of blood on the ground

A young cowboy lay in it
All covered in gore
And he never will ride his bronco no more.

ZOMBIE



Jamboree

Zombie Jamboree take place in New York cemetery (where?):
Zombie Jamboree take place in Long Island cemetery.
Zombies from all parts the Island,
Some of them great calypsonians,
And as the season was carnivall, they got t-oo-gether in Bachanaal.
(What you doing?).

**Back to back (oh!) belly to belly,
And I don't give a damn 'cause I done that already.
Back to back (oh!) belly to belly,
At the Zombie Jamboree.**

Repeat Chorus.

One female zombie wouldn't behave, she say she want me for a
slave.
In the one hand she's holding a quart of wine,
With the other she's pointing that she'll be mine:
Yes, believe me folks, and I had to run,
Husban' of a zombie ain't no fun.
I say, oh no my turtle dove and old bag of bones I cannot love.
(What you doing?).

Chorus (2).

Right then and there she raised her feet, I'm going to get you
now my sweet,
I'm going to make you call me sweetie pie.
I say oh no, get back, you lie.
I may be lying but you will see after you kiss this dead zombie.
Aaargh, well, I never seen such a horror in me life.
Can you imagine me with a zombie wife? (yes).

Chorus (1).

*This is sung to a slow calypso rhythm and is best done when
led by one person alone or by a small group as persons telling
a story. The comments in brackets are best rendered by all
present in unison and with gusto.*

the blue tail fly

When I was young I used to wait
On master and give him his plate,
And pass the bottle when he got dry,
And brush away the blue tail fly.

Jimmy crack corn and I don't care (3 times)
My master's gone away.

And when he'd ride in the afternoon
I'd follow after with a hickory broom;
The pony being rather shy
When bitten by the blue tail fly.

One day he ride around the farms,
The flies so numerous they did swarm,
One chanced to bite the pony's thigh;
The devil take the blue tail fly.

The pony run, he jump, he pitch;
He threw my master in the ditch.
My master died, and they wondered why;
The verdict was—the blue tail fly.

They lay him under a 'simmon tree;
His epitaph is there to see;
"Beneath this stone I'm forced to lie,
Victim of the blue tail fly."

fair and tender ladies

Come all you fair and tender ladies,
Be careful how you court young men,
They're like a star in a summer's morning,
First appear and then they're gone.

They'll tell to you some loving story,
They'll tell to you some far-flung lie,
And then they'll go and court another,
And for that other one pass you by.

If I'd a-knowed before I courted
That love, it was such a killin' crime,
I'd locked my heart in a box of golden
And tied it up with a silver line.

I wish I was some little sparrow
That I had wings could fly so high,
I'd fly away to my false true lover
And when he's talkin' I'd be by.

But as I am no little sparrow
And have no wings so I can't fly,
I'll go away to some lonesome valley
And weep and pass my troubles by.

baltimore fire

It was on a silver fall by a narrows
I heard the cry I always will remember
The fire sent is burning
On another fated city of our land

**Fire, fire, I heard the cry,
From every breeze that passes by,
All the world was one sad cry of pity,
Strong men in anguish prayed
Calling loud to heaven for aid
While the fire in ruins was laid
Fair Baltimore, beautiful city.**

Amid an awful struggle of commotion
The wind blew a gale from the ocean
The firemen struggled without devotion
But their efforts all proved in vain.

midnight special

Well, you wake up in the morning,
Hear the ding-dong ring,
You go a-marching to the table,
See the same damn thing;
Well, it's on a one table,
Knife, a fork and a pan,
And if you say anything about it,
You're in trouble with the man.

**Let the midnight special shine her light on me;
Let the midnight special shine her everlasting light on me.**

If you go to Houston,
You better walk right,
You better not stagger,
You better not fight;
Sheriff Benson will arrest you,
He'll carry you down,
And if the jury finds you guilty,
Penitentiary-bound.

Yonder comes Miss Rosie.
How'n the world do you know?
Well, I know by her apron,
And the dress she wore,
Umbrella on her shoulder,
Piece of paper in her hand,
Goes a-marching to the captain,
Says, "I want my man."

I'm going away to leave you,
And my time ain't long;
The man is going to call me,
And I'm going home;
Then I'll be done my grieving,
Whooping, hollering, and crying,
I'll be done my studying
About my great long time.

Now Miss Thelma said she loved me,
But I believe she told a lie,
Because she hasn't been to see me,
Since last July.
Then she brought a little coffee,
And she brought a little tea,
She brought a little everything,
Except the jailhouse key.

Well jumping little Judy,
She was a mighty fine girl.
She even brought this jumping
To the whole round world.
She brought it in the morning,
Just a little before day;
And she brought me the news that
My wife was dead.

roll me over

Now this is number one,
And aren't we having fun?

Roll me over, lay me down, and do it again.
Roll me over in the clover,
Roll me over, lay me down, and do it again.

Now this is number two,
And he's taking off my shoe.

Now this is number three,
And he's reaching for my knee.

And this is number four,
And he's got me on the floor.

Now this is number five,
And it's good to be alive.

Now this is number six,
And I'm in an awful fix.

Now this is number seven,
And we're in the seventh heaven.

Now this is number eight,
And the doctor's at the gate.

Now this is number nine,
And the twins are doing fine.

Now this is number ten,
So let's do it all again.

the road to gundagai

Oh, we started down from Roto
When the sheds had all cut out,
We'd whips and whips of rhino
That we meant to push about;
So we humped our blueys serenely
And made for Sydney Town,
With a three-spot cheque between us
That wanted knocking down.

**But we camped at Lazy Harry's,
On the road to Gundagai,
The road to Gundagai!
Five miles from Gundagai!
But we camped at Lazy Harry's,
On the road to Gundagai.**

Oh, we chucked our bloomin' swags off
And we walked into the bar,
And we called for rum and raspberry
And a shillin' each cigar;
But the girl who served the poison,
She winked at Bill and I,
And we camped at Lazy Harry's,
Not five miles from Gundagai.

Oh, I've seen a lot of girls, mates,
And drunk a lot of beer,
And I've met with some of both, mates,
That has left me mighty queer.
But for beer to knock you sideways,
And girls to make you sigh,
You must camp at Lazy Harry's,
On the road to Gundagai.

In a week the spree was over
And the cheque was all knocked down,
So we shouldered our matildas
And we turned our backs on town;
And the girls they stood a nobbler
As we sadly said good-bye,
And we tramped from Lazy Harry's,
On the road to Gundagai.

the overlander



When I went out exploring, I took up a fine new run,
And then came back to Sydney and had some jolly fun;
Then I wanted stock for Queensland, to Kempsey I did wander,
And bought a thousand cattle here, and then turned overlander.

**So pass the billy round, boys, don't let the pint pot stand there,
For tonight we'll drink the health of every overlander.**

When the cattle were all mustered and the outfit ready to start,
I saw the boys all mounted, with their swags left in the cart.
All sorts of men I had, from France, Germany and Flanders,
Lawyers, doctors, good and bad, in my mob of overlanders.

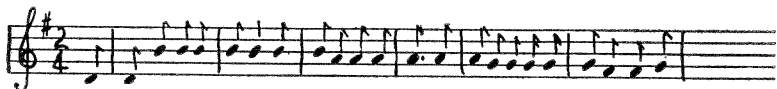
From the road I then fed out, where the grass was green and long,
When a squatter with a curse and shout told me to move along;
Said I, "Come, draw it mild—take care you don't raise my dander,
For I'm a regular knowing child—a Victorian overlander."

He swore he'd pound my cattle, but I bullied him that time;
They very seldom saw me out, and then never got the fine,
They think we lived on poor beef, but no, I'm not a gander;
When a straggler joined the mob, "He'll do," says the overlander.

If our horses get done up, why of course we turn them free,
And then a cove won't walk, you know, if a sweater he can see;
Stray workers too we bone, and I say it is no slander
To say there's many a trick done by an overlander.

I would scorn to prig a shirt, that all my mates can say,
 But if we passed a township upon a washing day,
 The dirty brats of kids would shout and quickly raise my dander,
 Crying, "Mummy, quick, take in your clothes, here comes an
 overlander."

In town we drain the wine cup, and go to see the play;
 We never think of being hard up, but how to spend the day;
 We steer up to the girls that ring themselves with grandeur,
 And while they sweat our cheques they swear they love the
 overlander.



the dying stockman



*(A moral song of the early Victorian era, to be sung
with a whining Cockney dialect.)*

A fine stalwart stockman lay dying,
His saddle supporting his head;
While his mates all around him were crying,
He rose on his elbow and said:

**Wrap me up with my stockwhip and bluey
And bury me deep down below,
Where the dingoes and crows cannot find me,
In the shade where the coolabahs grow.**

Then cut you two stringybark saplings,
Place one at my head and my toe,
Carve on them crossed stockwhip and bridle,
To show there's a stockman below.

And bring out the battered old billy,
Put the pannikins all in a row;
And drink to the health of the stockman
Who soon will be lying below.

But hark! 'tis the howl of the dingo,
Watchful and weird—I must go,
For he tolls the death-knell of the stockman
Who soon will be lying below.

click go the shears

Out on the board the old shearer stands,
Grasping his shears in his thin bony hands,
Fixed is his gaze on the blue-bellied Joe;
Glory, if he gets her, won't he make the ringer go!

Click go the shears, boys, click, click, click!
Wide is his blow, and his hands move quick.
The ringer looks around, and is beaten by a blow,
And curses the old snagger with the blue-bellied Joe!

In the middle of the floor, in his cane-bottomed chair,
Sits the boss of the board with his eyes everywhere,
Notes well each fleece as it comes before the screen,
Paying strict attention that it's taken off clean.

The tar-boy is there waiting on demand,
With his blackened tar-pot in his tarry hand,
Sees one old sheep with a cut upon its back.
Here is what he's waiting for; it's "Tar, here, Jack!"

Shearing is all over, we've all got our cheques;
Roll up your swags, boys, we're off on the tracks.
The first pub we come to, it's there we'll have a spree,
And everyone that comes along, it's "Come and drink with me!"

Down by the bar, the old shearer stands,
Grasping his glass in his thin, bony hands.
Fixed is his gaze on a green-painted keg;
Glory, he'll get down on it, ere he stirs a peg!

There we leave him standing, shouting for all hands;
Whilst all around him every shooter stands;
His eyes are on the keg, which by now is lowering fast.
He works hard, he drinks hard, and goes to hell at last!

botany bay

Farewell to Old England forever,
Farewell to my rum culls as well,
Farewell to the well-known Old Bailey,
Where I used for to cut such a swell.

Singing tooral, liooral liaditty,
Singing tooral, liooral, liay,
Singing tooral, liooral liaditty,
Singing tooral, liooral, liay.

There's the captain as is our commander,
There's the bosun and all the ship's crew,
There's the first and the second class passengers,
Knows what we poor convicts go through.

Tain't leaving Old England we cares about,
Tain't 'cos we mispells wot we knows,
But because all we light-fingered gentry
Hops round with a log on our toes.

Oh, had I the wings of a turtle-dove!
I'd soar on my pinion so high,
Slap bang to the arms of my Polly love,
And in her sweet presence I'd die.

Now all my young Dookies and Duchesses,
Take warning from what I've to say:
Mind all is your own as you touchesses,
Or you'll find us in Botany Bay.

a wild rover

I've been a wild rover this many a year
And spent all my money on whisky and beer,
But now I've returned with gold in great store
And I never shall play the wild rover no more.

**For it's no, no, never
Never no more,
I never, never, never shall play
The wild rover no more.**

I went in to a shanty I used to frequent
And told the landlady my money was spent,
I asked her for credit, she answered me, "Nay,
Such a custom as yours I can get any day."

Then I drew from my pocket ten sovereigns bright,
The landlady's eyes opened wide with delight.
Said she, "I have whisky and wines of the best,
And the words that I've told you were only in jest."

I'll go to my parents, confess what I've done
And ask them to pardon their prodigal son,
And if they will do so, as they've done before,
Then I never will play the wild rover no more.

git back blues

Listen to the song I'm singing brother
You know it's true,
If you're black and you gotta work for a livin' boy
This is what they'll say to you.

**Well, if you're white you're right,
And if you're brown stick aroun',
But if you're black, oh brother,
Git back, git back, git back.**

I went to a place one night,
They was havin' lots o' fun,
They was all drinkin' beer and wine,
But they would not give me none.

Me and a man's workin' side by side
This is what it meant,
He was a-gettin' a dollar an hour
I was gettin' fifty cents.

I went to the employment office
Got a number and stood in line,
They called everybody's number
But they never did call mine.

I helped build this country,
Fought for it, too,
So now I hope that you can see
What a black man has to do.

michael, row the boat ashore

Michael, row the boat ashore.
Hallelujah!
Michael, row the boat ashore,
Hallelujah!

Well the river is deep and the river is wide,
Hallelujah!
Greener pastures on the other side,
Hallelujah!

Jordan's river is chilly and col',
Hallelujah!
Chills the body but not the soul,
Hallelujah!

Sister helped to trim the sail,
Hallelujah!
Sister helped to trim the sail,
Hallelujah!

Trouble's past for them that tried,
Hallelujah!
Milk and honey 'cross the other side.
Hallelujah!

go tell it on the mountain

**Go tell it on the mountain, over the hills and everywhere.
Go tell it on the mountain, that Jesus Christ is-a born.**

'Twas in a lowly manger that Jesus Christ was born;
The Lord sent down an angel that bright and glorious morn.

When I was a sinner, I prayed both night and day;
I asked the Lord to help me, and he showed me the way.

When I was a seeker, I sought both night and day.
I asked my Lord to help me, and He taught me to pray.

He made me a watchman upon the city wall;
And if I am a Christian, I am the least of all.

little david

**Little David, play on yo' harp,
Hallelu, Hallelu!
Little David, play on yo' harp,
Hallelu! (Repeat)**

Little David was a shepherd boy;
He slew Goliath an' shouted for joy.

Little David was a mighty king,
And all the people came to sing.

banana boat song

Day O, Day O,
Daylight come and I want to go home.
Day, is a day, is a day, is a day O.
Daylight come and I want to go home.

Work all night on a drink of rum.
Daylight come and I want to go home.
Stack banana till the morning come.
Daylight come and I want to go home.

**Lift six foot, seven foot, eight foot bunch,
Daylight come and I want to go home.
Six foot, seven foot, eight foot bunch,
Daylight come and I want to go home.
Day, is a day, is a day, is a day O.
Daylight come and I want to go home.**

A beautiful bunch of ripe banana,
Daylight come and I want to go home.
Hide de deadly black tarantula,
Daylight come and I want to go home.

Repeat chorus.

Repeat first verse.

Repeat chorus.

all through the night

While the moon her watch is keeping
All through the night.
While the weary world is sleeping
All through the night.
O'er my bosom gently stealing
Visions of delight revealing
Breathes a pure and holy feeling
All through the night.

Love, to thee her watch is keeping
All through the night.
All for thee my heart is yearning,
All through the night.
Though sad fate our lives may sever,
Parting will not last forever;
There's a hope that leaves me never,
All through the night.

(Welsh traditional song)

john henry

When John Henry was a little baby
He was sitting on his daddy's knee,
Well, he pointed his finger at a little piece of steel
Said it's gonna be the death of me,
Lord, Lord, it's gonna be the death of me.

Well, the captain says to John Henry,
I'm gonna bring me a steam drill round,
I'm gonna take that steam drill out on the job,
Gonna whap that steel on down;
Lord, Lord, I'll whap that steel on down.

Then John Henry says to the captain:
A man ain't nothin' but a man,
But before I let your steam drill beat me down
I'm gonna die with this hammer in my hand;
Lord, Lord, I'll die with this hammer in my hand.

Then John Henry says to his shaker,
Shaker, why don't you sing?
I'm throwin' twelve pounds from my hips on down.
Just listen to this cold-steel ring;
Lord, Lord, just listen to this cold steel ring.

Well the man who invented the steam drill
He thought it was mighty fine,
But when an hour passed John was driving fourteen feet,
The steam drill was driving only nine;
Lord, Lord, the steam drill was driving only nine.

Then the captain says to John Henry,
I believe this mound's sinking in.
John Henry laughed at what the captain said.
Ain't nothin' but my suckin' wind;
Lord, Lord, ain't nothin' but my hammer suckin' wind.

Then John Henry says to his shaker,
Shaker, why don't you pray?
'Cos if I ever miss this piece of six foot steel,
Tomorrow'll be your burying day;
Lord, Lord, tomorrow'll be your burying day.

Well, John Henry was hammering on the mountain
And his hammer was a-strikin' fire,
And drove so hard he broke his poor heart,
And he laid down his hammer and he died.
Lord, Lord, he laid down his hammer and he died.

Well, they took John Henry to the graveyard,
And they buried him in the sand;
And every locomotive come roaring by
Say there lies a steel-driving man;
Lord, Lord, well there lies a steel-drivin' man.

Well, some said he came from Texas,
And some said he came from Maine,
But I don't give a damn where the poor boy was from,
'Cos he was a steel-drivin' man;
Lord, Lord, 'cos he was a steel-driving man.

polly perkins

I'm a broken-hearted milkman, in grief I'm arrayed,
Through keeping of the company of a young servant maid,
What lived on board and wages the house to keep clean
In a gentleman's family near Paddington Green.

**She was beautiful as a butterfly,
And as proud as a queen,
Was pretty little Polly Perkins of
Paddington Green.**

She'd an ankle like an antelope and a step like a deer,
A voice like a blackbird, so mellow and clear;
Her hair hung in ringlets so beautiful and long,
I thought that she loved me but I found I was wrong.

When I'd rattle in the morning and cry "milk below!"
To the sound of my milk-cans her face she would show
With a smile upon her countenance and a laugh in her eye;
If I'd thought she's have loved me I'd have laid me down to die.

When I asked her to marry me she said, "Oh what stuff!"
And told me for to hop it, she'd had quite enough
Of my nonsense—at the same time I'd been very kind;
But to marry a milkman she didn't feel inclined.

Now the words that she uttered went straight to my heart
I sobbed and I sighed and I straight did depart.
With a tear on my eyelid as big as a bean—
Bidding goodbye to Polly and Paddington Green.

Now in six months she had married, this 'ard 'earted girl,
But it was not a Wi-count and it was not a Hearl,
It was not a Baronite, but a shade or two wuss:
'Twas the bow-legged conductor of a two-penny bus!

he's got the whole world in his hands

**He's got the whole world in his hands,
He's got the whole wide world in his hands,
He's got the whole world in his hands,
He's got the whole world in his hands.**

He's got the little tiny baby in his hands,
He's got the little tiny baby in his hands,
He's got the little tiny baby in his hands,
He's got the whole world in his hands.

He's got you and me, brother, in his hands,
He's got you and me, sister, in his hands,
He's got you and me, brother, in his hands,
He's got the whole world in his hands.

He's got everybody here in his hands,
He's got everybody here in his hands,
He's got everybody here in his hands,
He's got the whole world in his hands.

i've got a robe

I've got a robe,
You've got a robe,
All of God's children got a robe,
When I get to Heaven, goin' to put on my robe,
Going to shout all over God's Heaven,
Heaven,
Heaven,
Ev'ry body talkin' 'bout Heaven ain't going there,
Heaven,
Heaven,
Goin' to shout all over God's Heaven.

I've got a crown . . .
. . . goin' to put on my crown . . .

I've got a harp . . .
. . . goin' to play on my harp . . .

I've got shoes . . .
. . . goin' to put on my shoes . . .

I've got a song . . .
. . . goin' to sing a new song . . .

patsy ory-ory-aye

Eighteen hundred and ninety-one,
That's the year that I begun,
That's the year that I begun,
A-working on the railroad.

**Patsy Ory-ory-aye,
Patsy Ory-ory-aye,
Patsy Ory-ory-aye,
A-working on the railroad.**

Eighteen hundred and ninety-two,
Looking around for something to do,
Looking around for something to do,
A-working on the railroad.

Eighteen hundred and ninety-three,
Section boss a-driving me, (etc.)

Eighteen hundred and ninety-four,
Hands and feet were getting sore.

Eighteen hundred and ninety-five,
Found myself more dead than alive.

Eighteen hundred and ninety-six,
Kicked a couple of dynamite sticks,
Kicked a couple of dynamite sticks,
And quickly left the railroad.

Eighteen hundred and ninety-seven,
Found myself on the road to Heaven,
Found myself on the road to Heaven,
A-working on the railroad.

Eighteen hundred and ninety-eight,
A-picking the lock in the pearly gate.

Eighteen hundred and ninety-nine,
I found the angels drinking wine,
They gave me a harp and crown divine,
Overlooking the Railroad.

Eighteen hundred and ninety-ten,
Found myself on the earth again, etc.

jacob's ladder

We are climbing Jacob's ladder, (3 times)
Soldiers of the Cross.

Every round goes higher, higher (3 times)

Sinner, do you love your Jesus? . . .

If you love Him, why not serve Him? . . .

Rise, shine, give God de glory . . .

We are climbing higher, higher . . .

roll, jordan, roll

Leader: O brothers, you ought t'have been there,

Chorus: Yes, my Lord,

Leader: A-sitting in the Kingdom
To hear Jordan roll.

Chorus: Roll, Jordan, roll;
Roll, Jordan, roll;
I want to go to Heaven when I die
To hear Jordan roll.

Leader: O sisters, you ought t'have been there . . .

Leader: O seekers, you ought t'have been there . . .

nobody knows the trouble i've seen

**Nobody knows the trouble I've seen,
Nobody knows but Jesus,
Nobody knows the trouble I've seen,
Glory Hallelujah.**

Sometimes I'm up, sometimes I'm down,
Oh yes, Lord,
Sometimes I'm almost to the ground,
Oh yes, Lord.

I never shall forget that day,
Oh yes, Lord,
When Jesus washed my sins away,
Oh yes, Lord.

down in the valley

Down in the valley,
The valley so low,
Hang your head over,
And hear the wind blow.

Willie's my darlin',
Little Willie's my dear,
If you think I don't love her,
Got a foolish idea.

She wrote me one letter,
She sent it by mail,
She sent it in care of
The Washington jail.

Gonna build me one steeple,
On the mountain so high,
So I can see Willie
Passin' on by.

She said that she loved me
Just to give my heart ease,
Just as soon as my back was turned
She loved who she pleased.

I rapped on her window,
I knocked on her do',
She gave me short answer:
"Don't knock there no mo'."

Sittin' in my prison
With my back to the wall,
Old corn whisky
Was the cause of it all.

The judge said, "Stand up, George,
And dry up your tears;
You're sentenced to Raleigh
For twenty-two years."

If I had of listened
To what mother said,
I'd of been there today, boys,
In her feather bed.

the gospel train

**Get on board, little chillun, (3 times)
There's room for many a more.**

That Gospel Train is comin',
I hear it 'round the curve,
She's loosened all her steam and brakes,
And strainin' every nerve.

The fare is cheap and all can go,
The rich and poor is there;
No second-class aboard this train,
No difference in the fare.

I hear that train a-comin',
She sure is speedin' fast,
So get your tickets ready
And ride to Heaven at last.

my lord what a mornin'

My Lord, what a mornin',
My Lord, what a mornin',
My Lord, what a mornin'.

When the stars begin to fall
You'll hear the trumpets sound
To wake all nations underground
Lookin' to my God's right hand,
When the stars begin to fall.

You'll hear the angels sing . . .

You'll see my Jesus come . . .



the road to the isles

A far croonin' is a-pullin' me away
As take I wi' my cromack to the road.
The far Coolins are a-puttin' love on me
As step I with the sunlight for my load.

**Sure by Tummel and Loch Rannoch and Lochaber I will go,
By heather tracks wi' heaven in their wiles;
If it's thinkin' in your inner heart braggart's in my step,
You've never smelled the tangle of the Isles.
The far Coolins are a-puttin' love on me
As step I wi' my cromack to the Isles.**

It's by Shiel water the track is to the west,
By Aillort and by Morar to the sea.
The cool cresses I am thinkin' of for pluck
And bracken for a wink on Mother knee.

The blue islands are a-pullin' me away,
Their laughter puts the leap upon the lame;
The blue Islands from the Skerries to the Lewis,
Wi' heather honey taste upon each name.

cromack: crook-handled walking stick
Coolins: mountains in Skye
Shiel: pronounce like "sheel"
Aillort: pronounce like "aisle" ort
Lewis: pronounce like "lose"

home on the range

Oh, give me a home where the buffalo roam,
Where the deer and the antelope play,
Where never is heard a discouraging word,
And the skies are not cloudy and gray,
Where the air is so pure, the zephyrs so free,
And the breezes are balmy and bright,
Oh, I would not exchange my home on the range
For all of the cities' delight.

**Home, home on the range,
Where the deer and the antelope play,
Where never is heard a discouraging word,
And the skies are not cloudy and gray.**

jesse james

In 1882 Jesse James was living in hiding in St. Joseph, Missouri, under the name of Howard. Tempted by the reward offered for Jesse James, Robert Ford, a member of his gang and supposedly a friend, shot him in the back while he was hanging a picture on the wall of his home.

Jesse James was a lad who killed many a man;
He robbed the Glendale train;
He stole from the rich and he gave to the poor;
He'd a hand and a heart and a brain.

**Poor Jesse had a wife to mourn for his life;
Three children, they were brave;
But that dirty little coward that shot Mister Howard
Has laid poor Jesse in his grave.**

It was Robert Ford, that dirty little coward;
I wonder how he does feel,
For he ate of Jesse's bread and he slept in Jesse's bed,
Then laid poor Jesse in his grave.

Jesse was a man, a friend to the poor,
He never would see a man suffer pain;
And with his brother Frank he robbed the Chicago bank,
And stopped the Glendale train.

It was on Saturday night, Jesse was at home
Talking with his family brave;
Robert Ford came along like a thief in the night
And laid poor Jesse in his grave.

This song was made by Billy Glashade,
As soon as the news did arrive;
He said there was no man with the law in his hand
Who could take Jesse James when alive.

st. louis blues

Ah hate to see de ev'nin' sun go down,
Hate to see de ev'nin' sun go down,
'Cause mah baby, he done lef' dis town.
Feelin' tomorrow lak Ah feel today,
Ah'll pack mah trunk, make mah getaway.
St. Louis woman wid her diamon' rings,
Pulls dat man round' by her apron strings.
'Twant for powder an' for store-bought hair,
De man Ah love would not gone nowhere.

**Got de St. Louis Blues jes' as blue as ah can be,
Dat man got a heart lak a rock cast in the sea,
Or else he wouldn't have gone so far from me.**

Been to de gypsy to get mah fortune tole,
To de gypsy done got mah fortune tole.
'Cause Ah'm most wile 'bout mah Jelly Roll.
Gypsy done tole me, "Don't you wear no black,"
Yes, she done tole me, "Don't you wear no black.
Go to St. Louis, you can win him back."
Help me to Cairo, make St. Louis by mahself,
Git to Cairo, fin' mah ole friend Jeff.
Gwine to fin' mahself close to his side.
If Ah flag his train, I sho' can ride.

**I loves dat man lak a schoolboy loves his pie,
Lak a Kentucky Col'nel loves his mint and rye,
I'll love ma baby till the day ah die.**

You ought to see dat stovepipe brown of mine,
Lak he owns de Dimon' Joseph line.
He'd make a cross-eyed ol' man go stone blind,
Blacker dan midnight, teeth lak flags of truce,
Blackest man in de whole St. Louis.
Blacker de berry, sweeter is the juice.
About a crap game he knows a pow'ful lot,
But when work-time comes he's on de dot.
Gwine to ask him for a cold ten-spot.
What it takes to git, he's certainly got.

**A black-headed gal make a freight train jump the track.
Said a black-headed gal make a freight train jump the track,
But a long, tall gal makes a preacher ball the jack.**

the keeper

The Keeper would a-hunting go,
And under his cloak he carried a bow,
All for to shoot at a merry little doe,
Among the leaves so green O!

Jacky boy! Master!
Sing ye well? Very well!
Hey down! Ho down!
(All) Derry, derry down!
Among the leaves so green O'.
To my hey down, down! To my ho down, down
Hey down! Ho down!
Derry, derry down
Among the leaves so green O'.

The 1st doe he shot at and missed
The 2nd doe he trimmed he kissed,
And the 3rd doe went where nobdy whist,
Among the green leaves so green O!

The 4th doe she did not cross the plain,
The Keeper did fetch her back again,
Where she is now she may remain,
Among the leaves so green O'.

The 5th doe, she did cross the brook,
The Keeper fetched her back with his hook,
Where she is now you may go and look,
Among the leaves so green O'.

The 6th doe she ran o'er the plain
But he with his hounds did turn her again,
And it's there he did hunt in a merry merry vein,
Among the leaves so green O!

the darby ram

As I was going to Darby,
Upon a market day,
I saw the biggest ram, sir
That ever was fed on hay.

**Oh, didn't he ramble, ramble,
He rambled up and down
And all around the town
Oh, didn't he ramble, ramble,
He rambled till the butcher cut him down**

The ram was fat behind, sir
The ram was fat before.
He measured ten yards round, sir.
I think it was no more.

And he who killed the ram, sir
Was drowned in the blood
And he who held the dish, sir,
Was carried away by the flood.

The mutton that the ram made
Gave the whole Army meat,
And what was left, I'm told, sir,
Was served out to the fleet.

The man who owned this ram, sir,
Was considered mighty rich.
And the man who's singin' this song, sir,
Is a lying son of a bitch.

john peel

D'ye ken John Peel with his coat so gay?
D'ye ken John Peel at the break of the day?
D'ye ken John Peel when he's far, far away,
With his hounds and his horn in the morning?

**'Twas the sound of his horn called me from my bed,
And the cry of his hounds has me ofttimes led;
For Peel's view-hollo would waken the dead
Or a fox from his lair in the morning.**

Yes, I ken John Peel and Ruby, too!
Ranter and Ringwood, Bellman and True,
From a find to a check, from a check to a view,
From a view to a death in the morning.

Then here's to John Peel from my heart and soul,
Let's dring to his health, let's finish the bowl.
We'll follow John Peel thro' fair and thro' foul,
If we want a good hunt in the morning.

D'ye ken John Peel with his coat so gay?
He liv'd at Troutbeck once on a day;
Now he has gone far, far, far away;
We shall ne'er hear his voice in the morning.

the lincolnshire poacher

When I was bound apprentice, in famous Lincolnshire,
Full well I served my master for more than seven year,
Till I took up poaching, as you shall quickly hear:
Oh, 'tis my delight on a shining night, in the season of the year.

As me and my companions were setting of a snare,
'Twas then we spied the gamekeeper, for him we did not care.
For we can wrestle and fight, my boys, and jump o'er anywhere;
Oh, 'tis my delight on a shining night, in the season of the year.
As me and my companions were setting four or five,
And, taking on 'em up again, we caught a hare alive.
We took the hare alive my boys, and through the woods did
steer:

Oh, 'tis my delight on a shining night, in the season of the year.

I threw him on my shoulder, and then we trudged right home,
We took him to a neighbour's house and sold him for a crown,
We sold him for a crown, my boys, but I did not tell you where:
Oh, 'tis my delight on a shining night, in the season of the year.

Success to every gentleman that lives in Lincolnshire,
Success to every poacher that wants to sell a hare,
Bad luck to every gamekeeper that will not sell his deer:
Oh, 'tis my delight on a shining night, in the season of the year.

An old English traditional song.

madrigal from "the mikado"

Brightly dawns our wedding day;
Joyous hour, we give thee greeting!
Whither, whither art thou fleeting?
Fickle moment, prithee stay!
What though mortal joys be hollow?
Pleasures come, if sorrows follow:
Though the tocsin sounds, ere long
Ding dong! Ding dong!
Yet until the shadows fall
Over one and over all,
Sing a merry madrigal —
Sing a merry madrigal!

Fa-la — Fa-la! etc.

Let us dry the ready tear
Though the hours are surely creeping
Little need for woeful weeping,
Till the sad sundown is near.
All must sip the cup of sorrow —
I today and thou tomorrow;
This the close of every song —
Ding dong! Ding dong!
What though solemn shadows fall,
Sooner, later, over all?
Sing a merry madrigal —
Sing a merry madrigal!

Fa-la — Fa-la! etc.

black is the colour

But black is the colour of my true love's hair,
Her cheeks are like some rosy fair,
The prettiest eyes and the neatest hands,
I love the ground whereon she stands.

I love my love and well she knows,
I love the ground whereon she goes,
If you no more on earth I see,
I won't serve you as you have me.

The winter's passed and the leaves are green,
The time is passed that we have seen,
But still I hope the time will come
When you and I shall be as one.

I go to the Clyde for to mourn and weep,
But satisfied I never could sleep,
I'll write you a letter in a few short lines,
I'll suffer death ten thousand times.

So fare you well, my own true love,
The time has passed, but I wish you well,
But still I hope the time will come
When you and I will be as one.

little grey home in the west

When the golden sun sinks in the hills,
And the toil of a long day is o'er—
Though the road may be long, in the lilt of a song
I forget I was weary before.
Far ahead, where the blue shadows fall
I shall come to contentment and rest;
And the toils of the day will be all charmed away
In my little grey home of the west.

There are hands that will welcome me in,
There are lips I am burning to kiss—
There are two eyes that shine, just because they are mine,
And a thousand things other men miss.
It's a corner of heaven itself,
Though it's only a tumble-down nest—
But with love brooding there, why no place can compare
With my little grey home in the west.

lilli marlene

Underneath the lantern by the barrack gate,
Darling, I remember the way you used to wait;
'Twas there that you whispered tenderly
That you lov'd me, you'd always be
My Lilli of the Lamplight, my own Lilli Marlene.

Time would come for roll call, time for us to part,
Darling I'd caress you and press you to my heart;
And there 'neath that far-off lantern light
I'd hold you tight, we'd kiss "Good-night",
My Lilli of the Lamplight, my own Lilli Marlene.

Orders came for sailing somewhere over there
All confined to barracks was more than I could bear;
I knew you were waiting in the street,
I heard your feet, but could not meet
My Lilli of the Lamplight, my own Lilli Marlene.

Resting in a billet just behind the line,
Even tho' we're parted your lips are close to mine;
You wait where that lantern softly gleams,
Your sweet face seems to haunt my dreams,
My Lilli of the Lamplight, my own Lilli Marlene.

roses of picardy

She is watching by the poplars,
Colinette with the sea blue eyes,
She is watching and longing and waiting,
Where the long white roadway lies.
And a song stirs in the silence,
As the wind in the boughs above,
She listens and starts and trembles,
'Tis the first little song of love.

Roses are shining in Picardy,
In the hush of the silver dew,
Roses are flow'ring in Picardy,
But there's never a rose like you,
And the roses will fade with the summertime,
And our roads may be far apart,
But there's one rose that dies not in Picardy,
'Tis the rose that I keep in my heart.

God of our fathers, known of old—
 Lord of our far flung battle line,
 Beneath whose awful hand we hold
 Dominion over palm and pine.
 Lord God of Hosts be with us yet,
 Lest we forget—lest we forget.

The tumult and the shouting dies—
 The Captains and the Kings depart—
 Still stands thing ancient sacrifice
 An humble and a contrite heart,
 Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
 Lest we forget, lest we forget!

Far call'd our navies melt away—
 On dune and headland sinks the fire,
 Lo, all our pomp of yesterday
 Is one with Nineveh and Tyre!
 Judge of the Nations, spare us yet,
 Lest we forget, lest we forget!

If drunk with sight of pow'r we lose—
 Wild tongues that have not thee in awe,
 Such boasting as the Gentiles use,
 Or lesser breeds without the law,
 Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
 Lest we forget! Lest we forget.

For heathen heart that puts her trust—
 In reeking tube and Iron shard,
 All valiant dust that builds on dust,
 And guarding calls not thee to guard,
 For frantic boast and foolish word,
 Thy mercy on Thy people, Lord! A-men.



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“The song that nerves a Nation’s heart is in itself a deed.”

—Alfred Lord Tennyson.

the combined universities' songbook

